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DOSSIER

Lewis: "Purely from the viewpoint of audience pleasure, I felt we would be on safer ground dismembering nubile young ladies rather than men."

Herschell Gordon Lewis contemplates what he'll do to your body if you don't buy his videocassettes.

Photo by Charles Platt

GORE LORD

Blood Feast. 2000 Monkeys. *The Gore-Gore Girls.* *The Gruesome Twosome.* The movies are virtually unknown, their titles are ridiculous, the subject matter is nauseating—and yet these long-lost, low-budget exploitation flicks by **Herschell Gordon Lewis** refuse to die. After twenty years of obscurity, they're clawing their way back from the grave. Several have become available on video cassettes; theaters in New York and LA have been screening midnight marathons of Lewis classics; and there are serious plans to bring him back as director of an all-new mutilation extravaganza.

Lewis single-handedly pioneered gory horror with **Blood Feast** in 1963. Depicting a series of murders in which brains were scooped out, legs hacked off, and breasts baked in a pizza oven, it earned him instant notoriety as (in his words) "the guru of gore—the first director to show people dying with their eyes open."

He built a reputation also for filming his foul features on lower budgets than anyone believed possible—as little as \$25 thousand in some cases. As a result, the production values of his films were dismal: most of them look as if they were shot in a neighbor's garage, using the neighbors themselves as "actors." But this home-movie ambience creates a primitive authenticity that Hollywood can't match. To "gore hounds"—as Lewis affectionately describes his fans—his style of cheap, deranged brutality has never been surpassed. Speaking personally, I find his blood-and-guts gusto far more entertaining than anything John Carpenter, David Cronenberg,

or John Landis has directed. Not only are Lewis's movies less pretentious, there is also the sense of a sharp wit at work behind the camera.

He made his last film in 1972—ironically, just before the category that he created began to become big business. Today he lives near Fort Lauderdale, Florida, in a modern, opulent home, part of a new housing development overlooking a small lake. Walls of beige glaucous are screened by lush Florida foliage. Instead of a backyard, there's a swimming pool. To complete the picture of ostentatious wealth, he owns four cars: a Rolls Royce, Cadillac, Delorean, and Triumph Spitfire.

This plush lifestyle came not

from movies but from a direct-mail advertising consultancy business that he runs with his wife. Since the days of low-budget blood and guts, he's become an advertising expert, a frequent speaker at seminars and symposia and author of books such as *Direct Mail Copy That SELLS!*

He's a vigorous, genial man in his late fifties, with a wide grin, a fluent, educated spit and alarming honesty. We sat and talked in his small, modern office, cluttered with stacks of papers, a copying machine, a large electronic typewriter, and a home computer. His wife conducts business from the adjacent living room, and Lewis intermittently leaps to the phone to discuss business deals

or arrange an afternoon tennis game.

I asked him why he chose to make gore movies, and why they are experiencing such a revival.

"Well, what once was unacceptable is now acceptable. Although," he chuckles, "I wouldn't want to be considered like the fellow who invented Preparation H. Visualize, if you will, the motion picture industry twenty years ago. The theaters were besieged by major-company product. How could I convince them to set aside a week's playing time for my pictures? Well, I could give them better terms: a sliding scale from twenty-five to fifty percent, instead of demanding a ninety/ten split in my favor on



Lewis: "After you've made a couple of gore films, I can tell you, you don't fear failure anymore."



Contrary Michael Weston, *The Psychomaniac Encyclopedia of Film*.

the first couple of weeks. So they figured to themselves, in their warped, weaselly little minds, "If I play this fellow's film to a half-filled house, and I keep sixty percent of the gross, I am far better off than playing to a filled house where I keep only ten percent of the gross." So economics worked in favor of the low-budget producer.

"But what could I make, and be sure of promoting successfully on a low budget? Remember, in this business, I had no recourse; it was my own money, so if I went over budget, or the movie was a flop, I was out of the ballgame. I couldn't afford high-caliber actors; I had, left say, Joe Glutz in the starring role, and Joe Glutz is an actor I found under a rock. So if I tried to compete in established Hollywood areas, my chances of success were slim. But no one was doing gore. In gone, I could be beyond competition. In fact I had the only crap game in town, for sometime."

Didn't he ever make enough from exploitation movies to risk doing something a little more serious and ambitious?

"I would offer to you, Sir, that that is a conversational ploy of a type that we all indulge ourselves in. "One of these days I'm going to write a fine poem," says the writer of schlock fiction. "One of these days I'm going to paint a great work of art," says the illustrator for *Heavy Metal* magazine. This is merely a justification for one's own existence. In any case, I have not seen many films that combine absolute artistic integrity with the return of the monies spent on the film. I don't see any relationship at all between artistic integrity and what somebody else will want to go to see. And personally, I don't find 'artistic' films very entertaining."

"I made almost no films that I didn't regard as satires. When the public didn't view them that

way, that merely made them more of a satire—the ultimate satire. They were fun. I pity those who view the film industry as a deadly serious business, because not only have they lost their sense of humor, they fear failure. Well . . . after you've made a couple of gore films, I can tell you, you don't fear failure anymore."

But not everyone saw the "fun" in watching a woman's nipples being cut off, to take one example. There have been various attempts to ban Lewis's movies. Mostly, he has benefited from the resulting publicity.

"My films had no impact whatsoever in Great Britain—until the government recently started to make them controversial by enacting legislation preventing depiction of excessive violence, at which point they became a cause célèbre. An 'in' thing. It might even be called 'gore chic.'"

"Over the years, there were a number of organized campaigns against us, mostly run by people who had never seen the films. There is no power in this world harder to turn off, and more disgusting to deal with, than dogmatic morality. Usually, those who feel this way try to proselytize those on the level below them; and this makes them 'fearless leaders.'"

"I originally came from the world of academia—I taught English literature and the humanities. I left because I had a very good business offer; I went into advertising, and then films, but I retained an academic's outlook, which is that I do not think it is right to try to stifle other people's expressions—regardless of how ridiculous or repulsive those expressions might be."

"We received the criticism that had been levelled for years against comic books that by suggesting the existence of corruption, one will contribute to it. So if someone sees the



"They told me handling toads would give you warts, so I went into the snake business instead."

Courtesy Michael Weston, *The Psychomaniac Encyclopedia of Film*.

scene in *Blood Feast* in which the lunatic reaches into the girl's mouth and pulls out her tongue, post hoc, ergo propter hoc: he goes out, grabs the first girl he can find, and pulls out her tongue. Now, the fact is, that does not happen. Actually, according to Aristotle, good drama—and I'm not necessarily qualifying mine as such—contributes to a catharsis of the emotions which in fact may blunt that urge, just as pornography may blunt the urge to rape. It provides another outlet altogether."

"We all live to some extent in a world of fantasy that we create. But only a fringe group permits fantasy to dictate everyday actions, and such a group is not going to be affected by a motion picture." He grins. "Certainly not by one as ridiculous as the ones I made!"



He even goes so far as to suggest that his pictures have moral integrity.

"We never suggested victory on the part of the perpetrator. In *Blood Feast*, the maniac is ground up into hamburger in *The Gore-Gore Girls*, the woman who is causing the crimes falls under the wheels of a car and her head is squashed. In *The Gruesome Twosome*, the strange creature has his eyes poked out with a hot pin. So it's not as though these people escaped triumphant, with gore and entrails dripping behind them. These are morality stories, if you will."

But why were most of his atrocity victims female?

"I felt that most of the people in the theater would be men; although, of course, they might drag women along with them. It is basic psychology, and in a sense I objected to it, but I do accept that on some levels men are aggressive and women want to nest. This has nothing to do with business politics; my wife is my business partner, and in fact actually runs things—I am the hired lackey. But purely from the

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viewpoint of audience pleasure. I felt we would be on safer ground dismembering nubile young ladies rather than men.

"A young chap in California named Jimmy Malton has sent me a script for a possible new project. One of the things I'm uncomfortable about is that he has men being dismembered. Somebody is hit with a shovel and his eyeballs pop out, that is mindless violence, as opposed to the exquisite violence of disfiguring a female body.

"If we had lapsed into mindless violence visited upon anyone regardless of sex, or if we'd showered mass gore—extensive violence as opposed to intensive violence—we would not have had the success we had. I don't need battlefields lined with bodies; to me, that is almost dispassionate, an intellectual kind of shot. But if you show a tight shot of someone's midsection that's ripped open, and the guts get ripped out—that shot is, to say the least, visceral." He pauses. "That was meant to be funny," he adds, to make sure that I understand the pun.

I ask if he has any definite plans for a new movie.

"My hopes and dreams were always to live the way I'm living now. So, even though it was a most rocky and roundabout road, it led to the right destination—not as the crow flies, more as the vulture flies. I have now achieved a very strong position in the business of direct-mail advertising. I'm called on, at an enormous amount of money, to make speeches and give seminars, so obviously those in the business feel I know what I'm talking about. I have major-company clients, and I work as hard as I want to work. With that kind of position, if I make another film, or if I don't—so what? It's not a matter of economic necessity, nor is it a matter of emotional necessity, which it is with some people

who've made a bunch of flops and have to do one more film in order to maintain their own psychological position.

"At the same time, I'm becoming convinced that there will be another film, simply because the rebirth of my work hasn't begun to fade—if anything, it's intensifying.

"There were two things I knew that, if I lived long enough, I would see. One is a book written by somebody else about me, and that has happened." [He's referring to *The Amazing Herschell Gordon Lewis*, a large illustrated paperback co-written by Daniel Krogh, who used to work on Lewis's films.] "The other thing was that I would drive up to the Fontainebleu Hotel, and the little man with the bow tie who parks the cars would say, 'That's all right, Sir, just leave it right here.' And that has happened, too. I drove up in my right-hand-drive Rolls Royce, and they left the car just where I stopped it.

"So my life is now complete, with one exception. An effect that we should have done in *The Wizard of Gore*. The scene was to have been, and will be, the literal tearing apart of someone from outside in. I plan to get a goat carcass, which most closely resembles the human form. I'll give it shape with mortician's wax, so that it will positively look like a human body. I'll insert pockets of stage blood toward the front, to make certain there is blood from the very beginning. The camera will be right on it, which you can do, because mortician's wax looks like flesh—when someone dies horribly, they use that wax for reconstruction.

"Then we will see hands come down and begin to just rip the flesh apart. As they do, the pockets of wax will be masked by the blood gushing, which it will do, because at the very least I'll have a blood ves-

sel, or what appears to be a blood vessel but is really a tube filled with stage blood, and a guy standing off camera blowing into it.

"And as the hands actually get into the viscera, then I'm home free, because guts is guts, and we'll make certain that, even though the carcass may be somewhat desiccated, it will have nice fresh stage blood in it, along with the cranberry sauce and the other makings—which give us, to use a generic word, *glop*.

"And when the thing has been simply ripped apart and you can see these really icky bones and gristle in there, and it's not false, I can guarantee you there won't be a dry pair of pants in the audience.

"Now, compare that with having a whole bunch of people wiped out, even if their heads are blown off. They become merely 'those people.' As I said before, it's all a matter of intensive gore, which I firmly recommend as opposed to extensive gore."

I ask what the title of the new

movie might be. 5000 Marlocks, perhaps?

"You think you're joking? The original title of 2000 Marlocks was to have been 5000 Marlocks. Then I looked at the title town of St. Cloud, where we were to film it, using all of the residents as extras. And I said, we'll have to make it 2000. There aren't enough people to justify 5000.

"But Jimmy Malton, who owns the rights to *Blood Feast*, wants to call the new one *Blood Feast II*." He raises an eyebrow. "Clever little, don't you think? The script will be his and the plot line will be his. One way we might work together is if he shoots the basic film out in California, and I'll shoot the gore down here. He wants my name, I'm sure, for exploitation value; I'm not so blind that I think the film can't be made without me. But for the gore hounds and those who recognize my position in history, it's like reading the Civil War without General Lee. So—the South's gonna rise again!"

—Charles Falt

GORE GOSPEL

The publication of **Daniel Krogh and John McCarty's** *The Amazing Herschell Gordon Lewis* (FontanaCo) is well-timed. Many of Lewis's relentlessly cheap and gory horror films are now being rediscovered on videotape, and, with this book, the Renaissance hits full speed. A true hack-of-all-trades, Lewis made thirty-seven movies—directing, writing, scoring, editing, sometimes acting in, and always shooting them personally (in "Skenemascope" or "Blood Color," as the material demanded). His only distinction as a filmmaker was that he finished everything on time and under budget. Lewis admits it. McCarty admits it. But

Krogh—Lewis's assistant cameraman on six features—can't, and his assessment of Lewis's career reads like a gesture of blind loyalty.

In his claims for Lewis's genius, Krogh conveniently forgets that gore has been a cinematic reality since the days of *Intolerance* and *Un Chien Andalou*, and that George Franju introduced graphic bloodshed to horror films four years before Lewis's *Blood Feast*, in *Les Neurs Sans Visage*. He goes on to compare *Two Thousand Marlocks* to *Brigadoon*, *The Wizard of Gore* to *Pirotello*, one of the gorier stiffs to Jackson Pollock's art, and observes that *She-Devil on Wheels* "prefigures the

cynicism of the post-Watergate era." McCarthy's introduction states that *The Amazing MG!* isn't intended as a work of criticism. Obviously not.

This wouldn't be a problem, were the writing skillful enough to persuade the reader, but Krogh's is a rambling, letter-from-home style. Facts change from chapter to chapter; Lewis's forward reveals that he never wrote beyond a fourteen-page outline, yet Krogh promises Two Thousand Monitors's "literary script." Lewis's favorite foods (fried chicken, Orange Julius, and frozen custard), hardly of riveting concern, are divulged here, and much of the Lewis interview material that closes the book is factually integrated into preceding chapters.

Krogh's involvement with Lewis lasted from 1958 to 1972, so the later chapters are understandably the best, and are often touchingly (because so futilely) tinged with his dogged attempts to do his best uproud, to elevate him to an historical importance that might make the hack work they did together seem pioneering. Because he leans on first person, Krogh's early chapters (which cover the really famous stuff, like *Blood Feast*) contrarily suffer from too much generaliza-

tion, too little insight. The book's peak is its fascinating coverage of Lewis's nude product, much of which is forever lost and sounds intriguing. We are also treated to rare stills, hilarious pressbook extracts (like a comic-strip summary of 1963's *Scum of the Earth*), and other prime examples of exploitative advertising. [A master publicist, Lewis once promoted a film he detested with complete candor: "You've never seen a picture like this—frank goodness!" Another highlight is Krogh's unintentionally funny still captions: "Note the beans oozing from her ear," or "Note his severed head, lower right"—AS IF WE NEEDED HELP! The most unsettling still in the lot shows Lewis today, behind the wheel of his beloved Delorean.

For gore-minds, *The Amazing MG!* is essential staring (Society, the essential reading on the subject remains the mind-boggling interview in *Fangoria* #4, in which Lewis says things like: "She didn't have any brains to be ripped out, so we had to fake it.") That tone of voice would've benefited this book immeasurably.

—Timothy R. Lucas

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BLOOD SPORT

America is full of horror film addicts. Weaned on Famous Monsters of Filmland, local TV horror hosts like Zachary and Vampira (Gregor was the resident ghoul where I grew up in Nebraska), and the endless stream of Hollywood scare fare, we now have a new bible: *The Psychotronic Encyclopedia of Film* (Ballantine). Author Michael Weldon reviews about 3,500 movies, covering not just monster movies, but blazer epics, film noir, comedies, rockers, and various other exploitation genres.

The book evolved out of *Psychotronics*, a weekly xeroxed mag Michael published from June of 1980 through July of 1981 as a guide to movies on New York-area TV. Early subscriber and enthusiastic supporter Christopher Carl (son of Bennett) helped Weldon land a publishing deal.

The resulting *Psychotronic Encyclopedia* is an invaluable resource for those interested in this long-ignored body of film history. Aside from the informative and humorous reviews, each entry includes these vital statistics: studio, year of release, producer, director, screenwriter, cast, soundtrack LP avail-

ability, and numerous obscure informational tidbits. (Did you know that Margaret Hamilton was only twenty when she played the Wicked Witch in *The Wizard of Oz*? Or that "MTA 371's Jamie Farr—then Jamal—was a student in *Blackboard Jungle*?) Also featured is a mind-boggling collection of over 800 illustrations. Not content with reproducing the standard publicity stills, Weldon spent hours pouring through UPI files for rare shots which he reproduced with the original hyped-up captions. He also unearthed a healthy number of classic ad posters—"No escape from the violence of their own depraved sex... Violent Women."

Michael Weldon's East Village apartment reflects an atmosphere conducive to the study of Psychotronic film: fleshy overflowing with movie ads and stills, stacks of monster magazines, pressbooks, LPs, and walls plastered with movie memorabilia. I visited Michael recently and asked him a few questions about his anal relative opus.

—Dale Ashmun

MM: Why did you start *Psychotronic* magazine?

WW: I'd always been dises-

ed with the movie listings in TV Guide and newspapers—I wanted to offer alternative information and opinions on a weekly basis. I always found that when I looked up a movie in TV Guide or the newspaper listings, the review was either snide or unhelpful. I couldn't get an idea of whether I wanted to watch it or not.

MM: Who thought up the name?

WW: I thought I made it up. Then I remembered that I had seen an ad for *The Psychotronic Man*. It was a movie about a murderous, psychic barber. I never did see it. I still think it's a great word which denotes a lot of what I wanted to cover.

MM: What was the first "Psychotronic"-type movie you saw?

WW: The earliest movie I remember seeing in a theater that really made an impression on me—and I saw it when it was new, so I was very young—was *The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad*. It gave me nightmares... certain scenes still stick in my mind very strongly. I mean, it had the Cyclops, the dragon, the living skeletons, and all that stuff—but one scene that really disturbed me was when a magician put a woman in a big vase with a snake, and she came out as a snake-woman, did a wild dance, and then strangled herself.

MM: And that hooked you?

WW: Yeah. As I said, it gave me nightmares, but I loved being scared to death. I love movies that can scare me.

MM: Who are some of your favorite directors?

WW: My all-time favorite director is Luis Buñuel, but he's not in the book at all. I almost felt like it would be insulting to put him in. Besides Buñuel, two directors I find most consistently interesting are Fritz Lang and Alfred Hitchcock. For newer directors, I love Martin Scorsese and Francis Ford Coppola. They both started out making exploitation movies—Coppola actually did several nudes, one in 3-D and one called *The Playgirls* and the *Beilby* they're in the book. He made a *Psycho*-type movie for Roger Corman called *Dementia 13*, which is wonderful. Scorsese was the original director for *The Honey-moon Killers*—but he was fired, so I don't know how much he had to do with developing that movie, but it's a great one. He did *Roxar Bertha* for AP with David Carradine and Barbara Hershey. I don't think there are that many good directors who make more than a couple of great movies. I mean, I'll watch anything by Ed Wood, Jr., but for very different reasons. I've gotten to like David Cronenberg

more and more, especially after seeing *The Dead Zone*. There's one of his movies I've never seen that I would really love to call it *They Came from Within*.

MM: What other movies are you really dying to see?

WW: It's almost embarrassing to admit I haven't seen this one, but *Tobe Hooper's Satan Alive*—which was his follow-up to *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. It's played under about a half-dozen different titles—*Starlight Slaughterer*, *Slaughterer*, *Waret*, *Deathtrap*, and *Horror Motel Massacre*—and I've managed to miss every one. It's going to be re-released as *The Legend of the Bayou*, so I'll finally get to see it.

MM: If you had a four-year-old child, would you let him/her watch any movie in this book?

WW: I think if a kid is going to watch certain movies, somebody should explain what's going on—either that it's not real, or these things happen but it's something to be avoided. Unfortunately, people don't do that enough.



The problem with following a class act like *Danny Percy: Cult Movies* (1982) is the difficulty of finding a second bunch of cult films that are as worthy of writing about as the first. *Cult Movies 2* (Dell) tries hard, with in-depth essays on fifty more

DOUBLE DOSE
OF SHOCK!

A Blood-dripping
Brain Transplant
turns a Maniac
into a Monster...



STARRING
KENT YELDER
DAVID WILLIAMS
REID HODGE
REGINA CARRO

HACKER HALL OF FAME

"cult" films, but author Peary is guilty of including a dozen or so examples which have about as much in common with true cult films as "Masterpiece Theater" has with "The A Team."

What are movies such as *Withering Heights*, *My Darling Clementine*, *His Girl Friday*, *Sullivan's Travels*, and *To Be or Not to Be* doing in this book in the first place? Or *White Heat*, *The Seventh Seal*, *Last Tango in Paris*, and *Some Like It Hot*? All of these became accepted as standards long ago—mainstream classics that remain just that, regardless of how often they appear in revival houses. Only the greenest of filmgoers would be enlightened by discussions of such familiar fare. By sketching the definition of cultism as this, Peary is making a case for literally every movie ever made to be covered here. (Curt Movies #129) *Yikes!*

More appropriately, we also find *High School Confidential*, *Mommie Dearest*, *Massacre at Central High*, *Dark Star*, *Alienated States*, *Ms. 45*, *Batman* Case, and *Zorzo* under discussion—and, with a few exceptions, the essays are provocative and fresh. Still, Peary does put himself in the embarrassing position of arguing cases that were dead and buried years ago, or worse, didn't matter in the first place—as when he takes issue with Vincent Canby that Louis Malle's *Pretty Baby* is a masterpiece. Vincent Canby? Who cares? And if Peary feels that Claudia Jennings's *The Great Taxor Dynamite Chase* is one of her weaker vehicles, why not discuss one of the ones he admires preferring—such as *Unholy Rollers* or *Moonshine County Express*? Knocking down straw men is unworthy of Peary's talent—particularly in a book that covers *The Wicker Man*. There are plenty more celluloid epics out there that deserve inclusion in a *Cult Movies* 3; one hopes that Peary exercises better judgment in selecting them than he did for #2.

—Mike Baron

Horror films—whether good, bad, or indifferent—are rapidly becoming a principle of contemporary chic; referents to horror cinema in everything from best-selling novels to music-video are considerable, almost running neck-and-neck with romance itself. It's tragic that the *Medved Brothers'* Golden Turkey awards have conditioned so many to idolize brainless trash, when one realizes how much low-budgeted brilliance has gone unrecognized. What follows is an attempt to compile a list of masterful but underappreciated horror film directors, followed by a selective videography of their available works.

Oliver Stone, Oscar-winning screenwriter of *Midnight Express* and *Scarface*, also directed two notable horror films: *Seizure* (1974) and *The Hand* (1979). In *Seizure*, a children's author, convalescing from a coronary, is trapped in a cyclical nightmare in which he, his family, and friends are trapped, tortured, and killed by a trio of his fictional characters. The danger, of course, is that the dream can kill him. The film was released by Cinema shortly before that distributor folded, and is now all but impossible to see—a real loss, considering that it starred Jonathan Frid ("Dark Shadow"), Mary Woronov, Troy Donahue, and Hervé Villechaze ("The Spider"). *The Hand's* significance lies mostly in its stark reiteration of *Seizure's* themes, as a cartoonist (Michael Caine) loses his drawing hand—hence his sense of usefulness—in a car accident, and finds it crawling back to strangle the objects of his increasing impotence and hostility. Or is he, like *Seizure's* debilitated character, merely imagining these lives

endangered, to regain himself? I suspect Stone will return to directing, though I doubt he'll linger in the genre. Had his career gone differently, Stone's ferocious and obsessive creative personality could've made him the Louis-Ferdinand Celine of horror films. (He may be, anyway.)

Jeff Lieberman is probably the most unsung of today's major horror directors. He lends to author his own script, but has also written for other directors (Marvin Chomsky's 1980 TV-terror *Dr. Franken*). His first film, *Squirm* (1974), contains tremendous makeup effects by Rick Baker, including a shot of worms excitedly wriggling into and under the skin of a man's face. His next, *Blue Sunshine* (1976), is paranoiac and sociological terror at their best: a group of responsible adults becomes a hairless, homicidal horde as a result of a special strain of LSD they used during their less-responsible college days. The film has such an epic sweep, is fraught with such color and detail and excitement that when it ends, it feels scarcely begun. Sadly, Hollywood never begged Lieberman for *Blue Sunshine II*. He was last seen directing *Just Before Dawn* (1980), a rip-off of Wes Craven's *The Hills Have Eyes* that proved more frightening, well-crafted, and perceptive than its inspiration.

The late **Mario Bava** belongs to an earlier generation of filmmakers, and to Italy, but his vividly psychological and atmospheric view of the genre remains unequalled, four years after his death. His personal fondly kept him from ever fully expressing the breadth of his talent (he was traumatized as a boy, when his father reprimanded him for signing a drawing, because "only Mi-

chelangelo" produced art worthy of a signature), but it was always noticeable that lurked behind such misleading titles as *Turkey of the Death Nerve*, *Kill Baby Kill*, and *Hatchet for the Honeymoon*. Three of Bava's most original concepts were released here in the guise of rip-offs: *Last House on the Left*, *Part Two, The House of Exorcism*, and *Beyond the Door II*. On top of all this, Bava's work was ripped off by none other than Fellini, who, in his "Toby Dammit" short (1969), depicted Satan as a ghastly, ball-bouncing girl. Bava had filmed her in 1966. Fellini's imagination, of course, was widely applauded. . . .

Dario Argento, also Italian, and fortunately for him, the son of a wealthy producer, started making films that were spin-offs of Bava's *The Evil Eye*—like *The Bird with the Crystal Plumage* (1970)—but having followed this lead to near-hallucinogenic extremes, has become quite an accomplished stylist. His *Deep Red* (1977) and *Suspiria* (1978) are masterpieces. Though Twentieth Century-Fox made a fortune off *Suspiria*, they were so embarrassed by it that they've passed on his two latest pictures, *Inferno* and *Tenebre* (both experimental murder thrillers in which there are, respectively, no murderer and no madman operand). Both Brian DePalma and John Carpenter owe quite a bit to him.

Lastly, there's the late, great **William Castle** (eulogized by John Waters in a recent American Film). Castle never wanted to be frightening or terrifying, just spooky in the most wonderful way. Even without his fabled theatrical gimmicks—like electrically shocking the butts of his audiences—such movies as *Homicidal*, *House on Haunted Hill*, *I Saw What You Did*, and *The Tingler* can be enjoyed on TV for their amusing tongue-in-cheek attitudes and stately gothic atmospheres.

—Timothy R. Lucas

Oliver Stone: *The Hand* (Warner Home Video); Jeff Lieberman: *Squirm* (Vestron Video); Mario Bava: *The House of Exorcism* [Covest Empor]; Bava was so displeased by this producer-owned version that it carries the pseudonym "Wickey Lion" and *Beyond the Door II* [Media Home Entertainment]; Dario Argento: *The Bird with the Crystal Plumage* and *Deep Red*—The *Hatchet Murders* (VCI Home Video and Thorn-Em, respectively); William Castle: *Straightjacket* [Columbia] and *House on Haunted Hill* [Allied Artists].

Don Bluth loves a good cartoon.

So much so, in fact, that the self-proclaimed artist has earned himself the reputation of being an animation rebel first-class: It all started back in 1979 when Bluth and eleven fellow animators walked off the Disney lot in the middle of *The Fox and the Hound* over creative differences.

They founded Don Bluth Animation, turned out a TV special *Banjo the Woodpecker* (and then an old-fashioned, painstaking cel animation style and then ran head-first into feature film disaster releasing the critically acclaimed but financially unfulfilling *The Secret of NIMH*).

Undaunted, Bluth went back to the drawing board. Literally, creating a short animated film that would be the basis of the first laser disc arcade game, *Dragon's Lair*. The game was a smash. Bluth has just turned out a second, more sophisticated animated game, *Space Ace* and, now, surprise, is getting ready to go back to feature-length animation with a full-length version of *Dragon's Lair*.

"I don't consider myself a rebel," Bluth smiles in his California headquarters. "I'm an artist. And, all I know is that dealing with management makes me nuts. Management is generally mindless. Whenever there are mavericks—or artists or whatever you want to call them—and they don't fit into the mold, management tries twice as hard to force them into it. The more it tries, the worse it gets."

"I was at Disney when Walt was there. He knew how to make an animated film. Afterwards, the studio wanted things to be predictable. Art is not predictable. Once you try to make it predictable, you kill the art. That's the way I felt over there for nine years. I kept on going, thinking, 'Well, this is Disney. It'll be just like the old days again someday.' Eventually, I found out that it would never change. It was bound by its own red tape."

"When I left, I knew I didn't want to leave animation and sell shoes. So, I decided to do what do best. I wanted to carry on the traditional values of animation. Let people know that there was other animation outside of Saturday morning kiddie. Those cartoons are nothing more than billboards for spin-off products."

Bluth is dedicated to the cause of what he refers to as "classical animation."

"It's a style that hides the artist's brushstrokes," he explains. "a style that's most con-

ducive to storytelling. When you deal in classical animation, you don't want the audience to realize that this is a craft or a technique. You want the audience to be lost in the magic of the moment."

"For me, the flame that burns in me about animation has a lot to do with my childhood. Animation, when executed properly—like in *Bambi*, *Snow White*, and *Pinocchio*—is terrific to look at. But, beyond that, it seems to make a mark on your brain that you never quite get over. You carry those images around in your head your whole life long."

"I'm not here to paint a picture. I'm here to hold up a mirror. You should be able to watch those little characters running around on the screen and see things that remind you of yourself. There's something about animation that can cause real emotional growth. You know Joe the Plumber can be watching a movie and laughing or crying and saying, 'Yeah, like that guy. I know what he's going through. And, only later, do you realize that the 'guy' he's talking about is Bambi. Good animation has a way of going directly to the heart."

After serving an apprenticeship in various Hollywood animation factories, Bluth took his

love of classical animation to Disney studios in the 1970s, leaving after realizing that even at Disney, classical animation wasn't prospering. "Very few animation producers ever get beyond the stage of 'look how colorful this is' or 'look at how great the characters look. They never delve into an emotional storyline that makes it real theater."

And so, Bluth embarked on his own. His first full-length feature, *The Secret of NIMH*, was released in 1982. "It was a JA film, but UA merged with MGM and we just got lost. It got good reviews but no one knew it existed. It was pretty depressing. It hurt us a great deal, financially as well as professionally. You know, everyone said, 'Ha, ha. You don't know how to make a good one either.'"

Then, noticed that the video cassette sales started taking off. People were buying *NIMH* and taking it into their homes. There are something like 30,000 cassettes that have been sold in a year and a half not rented. "That told me there was still a classical animation audience out there. It's waiting to be re-established. Unfortunately, it takes more than one movie to re-establish it and unfortunately, we didn't have the money to do a second or

third film."

At this point, a deal dropped into Bluth's lap that was irresistible. "It was one of those things that your guardian angel sends to you," he smiles. A gamesman named Rick Dyer was trying to create the first interactive laser-disc arcade game, a game wherein the player would be able to change the story of certain points and branch out into various subplots. Some subplots would end in victory, others in disaster.

A second partner was ready to manufacture the games. Bluth would do the animation. Bluth would become a "full-fledged partner" too. All he had to do was crank out the animation for free.

And so, *Dragon's Lair* was born. "It was a dagger to a sinking ship," laughs Bluth. "We didn't have the money to do another movie. We didn't even have the money to do the game!"

Eventually, Bluth found an investor who'd cough up \$300 thousand for an initial five minutes of animation. The prototype game was unveiled and Bluth received another \$1 million for home rights to continue the cartoon adventure.

"We put \$2 million into it and we've grossed \$52 million so far," he beams. "What excites me, more than the money, is the fact that the people playing this in the arcade are mostly teenagers. Those are the kids that, according to statistics, aren't supposed to like cartoons. Cartoons are for children, right? But teenagers like the detail of this animation. The fact that they can get involved."

"With *Space Ace* we've taken the laser technology even further. There's more random access. We created *Space Ace* for teenagers. Ace is the ultimate science-fiction hero. So, we then tried to figure what the biggest threat we could throw his way. We have him being shot with an Infanta Ray. He's turned into a weak kid."

"Along comes a villain and steals his girl friend. Now, he has to both regain his manhood and rescue his girl. Those are pretty threatening situations. There's a lot more dialogue in *Space Ace* than in *Dragon's Lair*. More music, too. The music gives you a certain rhythm when you play. In fact, it's counterpoint to the rhythm of the action. If you get into the dialogue and the music, you'll probably screw up your playing more."

The success of *Dragon's Lair* and *Space Ace* as games is allowing Bluth to continue his attempts to spark a renaissance in classical animation.



An animator at the Don Bluth Studios draws Space Ace.

Photo: © Don Bluth Studios



There will be a *Dragon's Lair* sequel game, a TV series and, fad-dad—a full-length animated feature.

"We're working on the *Dragon's Lair* script now," he says. "I think we really have a good shot with the movie version. If the *Dragon's Lair* name appears on a movie marquee kids won't be frightened by it. They won't feel shy about going into the theater. Seeing *Snow White* might embarrass them, but *Dragon's Lair* is already there."

"We figure we can fashion a really good *Dragon's Lair* movie. We're pulling out all the stops. We're going to give them everything they want to see. Answer all their questions about our hero, Dirk, and his background. At the same time, we're not going to aim the subject matter at the nursery level. We're going to aim up."

"I think the later Disney films have turned animated movies into baby-sitters. They're films you drop your kids off to see while you go shopping. We don't want to do that. We're interested in trying to reestablish animation as an art form, creating subject matter which will appeal to the adult brain."

Bluth readily admits that turning *Dragon's Lair* into a feature flick is a big gamble. "Economically," he says, "there is no good reason to go into classical animation today. In the last



15 years there have been something like thirty-two or thirty-three Disney animated film made. Four have made money."

"But you can always spot why they fail. People don't pay attention to story. Or they say they want to be just like Walt Disney. Well, you can't. You have to be different. Or look at Ralph Bakshi. He's a wonderful man, but most of his movies have appealed to the dark side of things. I think the majority of people want to see movies that are uplifting. Remember those old Frank Capra movies? You keep on going back to see them again and again. People want to believe that life is worthwhile."

"I think, with animation, you have a wonderful chance to reach people. Visuals appeal directly to the emotions. I remember seeing *Bambi* with my parents and just being shattered when *Bambi's* mother died. It was hitting me to my mother with tears running down my face."

"I arrived at the theater with *Bambi*, as *Bambi*, saying, 'We made it mother. I knew she hadn't made it. The audience knew. And then this stag appears and says she can't be with you anymore. Mom has taken her away. You must be brave.' That has stayed with me my whole life. I knew, then, that someday, when my mother

Bluth "I think the later Disney films have turned animated movies into baby-sitters."

"Oh no! Another kid with a roll of quarters!"

Photo © 1983 Don Bluth

passed away, would see the scene flash by. All the words were placed in my head."

Bluth shakes his head, grinning. "That's not drawing. That's certainly not a drawing of just a deer. That's something more. That's emotional growth. And that's what classical animation is all about. It can illuminate people's lives."

He pauses before adding "Saturday morning stuff doesn't come near it."

Bluth's most casual animat on "maverick kid" as to punctuate this last remark. Don Bluth takes his cartoons seriously—and that could make for fun in years to come.

—Ed Naha

THE METAL PROJECTOR

A soundstage in the world to bring *2001: Odyssey Two*, the best-seller and long-awaited sequel to 2001: A Space Odyssey to theaters this Christmas. Cloning the fourteen-line-zone communication gap between his St. Louis home and the Culver City, CA, 2001 set, author **Arthur C. Clarke** is conversing with director **Peter Hyams** (Outland) with a home computer phone link. **John Lithgow**, who couldn't even cope with a computer flight to the Twilight Zone, joins **Roy Scheider** (Blue Thunder) in the search for HAL, the famous 2001 computer, somewhere around Jupiter. Between **David Lynch's Dune**, the CBS mini-series of Michener's *Space*, and 2001 (with Star Wars/Raiders/Fatherhood/Lead) special effects pro Richard Edlund) you'll see enough lasers and spacecraft to turn your neighborhood into *The Day After Tomorrow*. At least *Dune* has a fan club box 699, Hollywood, CA 90078. *Dune* production designer **Olaf Tackler** (Quest for Fire, Elephant Man) goes immediately to *The Company of Wolves*, the story of a young girl who visits a forest where people are transformed into wolves. **Neil Jordan** (Angel) is directing an "intelligent" special effects movie, but I can't wait to see the stretching plastic. Director **Walker Hill**, with *Streets of Fire* on the way, is busy putting together a movie of "Dink Hooper" (once renamed to star Warren Beatty) and a remake of *The Magnificent Seven*. Likewise, **Tobe Hooper**, who, with *Space Vampires* barely out of the coffin, will direct an *Invaders from Mars* remake by **Don O'Bannon**. *Duckbill Movie* develops the ultimate World War II weapon with **Robin Murphy** in *The Bear Soldiers*, which also stars **Kate Capshaw** (upcoming *Raiders* sequel). Moore than plays chief elf in *Scenes*, Alexander and Ilya Sokolov's newest comic-movie since *The Supremes*. With a budget of \$30 million, *Santa's* gonna have lotsa reindeer. As scarce as an autographed Hamlet for nearly twenty years, the *E.T.M.* show (get this—Teen Age Music International) will finally hit your local popcorn stand this summer. The *E.T.M.* show gathered the top West coast act of the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium for two nights: the 1984 release is retitled *That Day*

Book That is dumb. If you can fear yourself away from your MTV you'll see thirteen biggies, as diverse as *The Stones*, *Leslie Gore*, *Chuck Berry*, *The Beach Boys*, *The Supremes*, and on and on perform in remixed digital sound. Watch closely and you'll also see pre-Mickey *Yoni Bess* choreography and *Yoni Bess* (Dreyfus's wife in *Close Encounters* and Halliwell's girlfriend in *Footloose*) go-golfer her life heart out. *Black Runner's* glamour-orkid *Budger Hauer*, still hunting for the strongest script in history, is in *Spanish* *Flash* and *Blond*, the story of "Yankee" realism, sensuality, censorship, warfare"—all in the 15th century. It.

friendly/enemies **Francis Ford Coppola** and **George Lucas** will buy the hatchet—or hot kar knife, as it were—when they co-produce *Mikimoto*, the film biography of writer **Yukio Mikimoto**. Directed by **Paul Schrader** (Van Driver co-writer, *Car People*), the movie will, in fact, be done entirely in Japanese. Also in Japan: the **B. A. Purnaschaker/David Bowie Jiggy Stardust** movie, which plummeted into invisibility here, is enjoying an enthusiastic reception.

Just when you thought it was safe to trust a movie column in the never-ending effort to keep it all on Excedrin, the name of the Conan sequel has been changed from *Conan, King of Thieves* (as reported last month) to *Conan the Destroyer*. *Die* is destroyed. **Spencer Goodell** (The Right Stuff's Gordo Cooper) will again be catapulted into the outer limits in *Brave New*, a futuristic warfare story directed by **Richard Loncraine** (Kimstone and *Topple*), in the \$18 million production, *Quaid* crash lands on a dead, lone planet where the only other life form is a creature called "The Doctor" (**Law Goodell** in heavy makeup), a longtime enemy of planet Earth. Will they fight to the death, or cooperate for survival's sake?

Willie Scott's \$14 million fantasy *Legend* is finally before the cameras after a pre-production period of nearly two years. **John Boyles** is competing screenplays to best-selling nonreader novel *Clan of the Cave Bear* and *Valley of the Heroes*. If you've got the stomach, *Parley's Revenge*, the third (and hopefully last) episode in the pad-pounding series, is coming.

Steven Moffet and Ed Naha

CRYPTICA



Windbreakers • Ah, the heartbreak of flatulence. As you, afraid to eat beans because the resulting gases that issue from your nether regions are so toxic, that food won't use you, to quell the "red nation offensive"? Assuming you're tired of unfairly violating the Geneva Convention chemical warfare accords, but you're still addicted to beans, there may be hope in new experiments under way in India. Beans contain cyanide chemical sugars that the stomach can't break down so they are passed through to the lower intestinal tract. There the local bacteria feed on them and release all the bloating fart-gas. Researchers at the Bhabha Atomic Research Center in Bombay have found that bombarding beans with gamma radiation beforehand renders the offending sugars more digestible. Theoretically you end up farting less. The question is, do you become a human neutron bomb instead—emitting quantities lively less, but qualitatively more lethal radioactive gases?

Smarter! • At last the truly egotistical video game. Atari of California has just filed for a patent on a computer program that will bring social justice to the sport. We are talking equality of result here, folks. This program, which records your previous scores as control data in a solid-state memory bank, gradually makes the game more difficult as you get better. Until it's virtually impossible to win. For this wimp who doesn't know what he's doing, the games get easier and easier until it's pretty difficult to fail. Atari has tossed out the idea on its Red Baron game. If you're doing too well knocking out pill-boxes, the memory takes a hand, causing the ground forces to suddenly improve their accuracy and rate of fire until your biplane comes screaming down in flames. Could be the time has come to use psychology on these upstart machines—like the old "playing possum" trick. Throw a game or two and wait for the computer to lower its guard, then unload on the sucker with both barrels.



Boris Cookedenov • The Russians are such fearless humanitarians. The latest evidence of their caring streak is a new invention by one Professor Nurbey Gula: a giant yo-yo to serve as the perfect fire-escape for skyscrapers. Helicopters are too expensive or frequently unavailable, and anyway their engines often get choked by the smoke. Canvas escape chutes tend to get blocked by fat people, who are impossible to dislodge once they get stuck half way down. The old escape-harness method is so slow that the rescues get cooked before reaching safely—and harnesses don't return. Hence the yo-yo or "inertial energy accumulator"—a cheap and sturdy hunk of metal with a strong cable to dangle on. The descent is swift at last, but gets slower as it neers the ground, and up! like a yo-yo the contraption returns to the top once it's released. Trouble is, by the time it slows down, those first stories have whipped by pretty fast. Get in that thing? Well, sure Nurbey. Not even if you make the Hero of Socialist Labor!

Shook the Monkey • If that sounds more like a way of controlling the behavior of lab animals, that's because there could be a connection. Naturally. Purdue University

researchers claim that what they've come up with is a way for medics to monitor the vital signs of soldiers lost on the battlefield. Their device is a wristwatch-style communit color packing two electrodes on the back that zap the soldier with a mild electric shock. The GI then has to respond by pressing the "I'm OK" button—otherwise sensors inside the gadget begin monitoring his pulse, temperature, blood flow, and reflexes. Not to mention his aggression quotient, will ratio, conduct under fire, etc. "Sergeant, take that man's name!" No, really, the device is there purely for the soldier's health and safety. If he's wounded and doesn't respond HQ can determine how badly, and where he is on the battlefield, so rescue squads can be quickly dispatched. If he's not wounded, well, what the hell is he doing sitting on his ass when there's a damn war going on? "Sergeant, raise the shock yard."



Two and Me Both • Weird creatures, centaurs—and probably a little confused being half goat, half man. At least they only exist in classical mythology. But give those biologists at the Institute of Animal Physiology in Cambridge, England, a few more years and they might turn myth into reality. They've stoned with the modest achievement of creating sheep/goat hybrids, which some people call "geep." These pathetic monstrosities, probably destined to be the loneliest creatures on Earth, have patches of woolly fleece growing alongside areas of straight goat hair. The scientists have also managed to induce the birth of lambs from goats, and kids from ewes. No need to be scored by this real-life combination of Rosemary's Baby and Alan. In fact, if you hurry you might still be able to get your order in for a custom-made cat-pig.

Good Taste Is Timeless • Cyanide is sweet compared to its stuff. Denatonium Saccharide, the bitterest substance yet discovered, tastes vile even when diluted to one part in twenty million. The white crystalline powder is a recent invention of the gourmands over at Atomergic Chemicals Corp., in Plainville, New York. Atomergic anticipates all sorts of applications for this much-needed miracle product. They reckon it could be a repellent against pests like shrews, beavers, or woodpeckers. Right now they're testing the chemicals on plastic garbage bags and telephone cables to keep off rats and birds. Great. Until Denatonium Saccharide gets into the water supply.

—Melik Kayton



NOT EVERYTHING
FUNCTIONS BUT I
CAN PATCH AND
MAKE DO

WATCH
THE
SCENE

AND WE'LL
MADE WE
USED ALTAIR
DROPS ON
THE CABLE
SCAV

THAT WAS YEARS
AGO SHARD
WE'VE SLOOED
THROUGH ONE
BIG PILE OF
BUREAUCRATIC
SHIT TOGETHER

TRUE BUT
WHERE ELSE
GOVERNMENT
SERVICE DO YOU
GET RECYCLING
AS A FRENCH
BENEFIT

KEEPING
A WATCH

JUST AS
YOU DID IN
TRAINING
TWENTY
YEARS AGO

THEY'LL GET
ANOTHER TOUR
OF LOYAL
SERVICE, BUT I
STILL CAN GRIPE
ABOUT OUR
POONDICK
MISSIONS

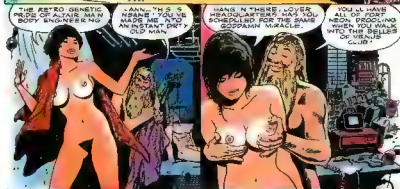


FORGIVE ME
SHARD IN
DRAGON MY
REARDED FLY
TO GET ME

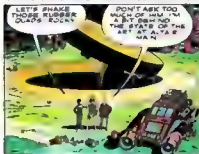
WE ARE
ALIVE

KEEP
A WATCH

I SUPPOSE WE'LL HAVE
TO DRILL OUR WAY THROUGH
THEM AGAIN AT THE
DUNKER WATCH







LET'S SHAKE
THOSE RUBBER
QUADS ROCKY

DON'T ASK TOO
MUCH OF HIM I'M
A BIT BEHIND
THE STATE OF THE
ART AT A T A R
MAN

THE
ALBUM BE'S
DOWN WITH
A BAD
CLUTCH

YOU'LL HAVE
TO MAKE IT
ALONG THE
CONDUIT
STEP

SHARD, YOU'RE
A GENIUS! IT'S
THE HARDWARE
THAT SUCKS



THE BUILDING PLAGE
COULDN'T GET A
SPEEDING TICKET
IN THIS COUNTRY
EVEN NOW

PUT
UP FOR
THESE
FINGERS
RED-GIE



BACK IN THE
DEPT. OF
NEEDS ON
BOOTS VERSE
YOU'LL OWN THE
FRESH SHIT

DON'T DROWN
S OVER AT
IN BAR

WATCH THE
SHOW, I'LL
NOSE FOR
SPECIAL



THIS FUCK N' BAD VERUS SELE YOU SAYS SHE'S TOO FUCKIN' MUCH FOR L...

BEFORE YOU SAY NO FUCK N' WAY...

LET'S LET TH' FUCKIN' BE L' HAVE HER SAY

YOOHOO! HEY, GO ON N' R... YOU'RE ON

YOUR BASS ARE FLOATING

OK, STOP! A FUCKIN' THREESOME!

HOODOOBEE! WE'VE GOT A SPECIAL FUKIN' GANGBANG SOUL ROLL!

MOMMA! IF THAT FUKIN' JIVER WASN'T MADE OF FUKIN' POLYMER, FINE, YOU'RE TRULY WOULD BE FUKIN' JEALOUS.

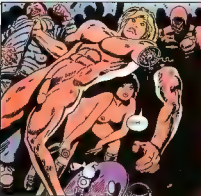
SLICK AS A PANTHER, LANN
HEFTS GLITCH'S ION STROBE.

THE FLASH OF SPROVACK'S
KNIFE SETS OFF A JOVIAL RIOT

LANN IS FORCED TO USE THE
STROBE IN THE CROWDED CLUB.



LOATH TO FIRE THE DEADLY RYKOBÉ TWICE, LANN REELS AS NEON '63 LOW TECH FALLS AGAIN.





AS THEY LEAVE THE CLIP A GIANT JET-EN DART SLICES THROUGH THE THICK AIR ABOVE THE PORT

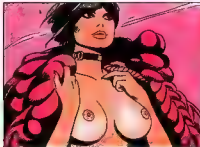


THE WEEKLY PACKET FLIGHT BEGINS ITS THREE DAY RETURN JOURNEY TO ALTAIR-MAIN. LANN'S EYES DEVOUR THE CRAFT'S LUMINOUS CONTOURS. EVEN THE PAL SURFACES OF THE OBSCURE SKINNERS AND LASER SLEDS CATCH AND REFLECT RUSTY IMAGES OF ITS HURTLING SPLENDOR.



LANN STRUGGLES WITH FADING MEMORIES UP HER OLD PSYCHE. HER BODY'S REGULATION HAS KINDLED A YOUTHFUL SPIRIT. SHE YEARNs TO BE BEAMING BACK TOWARD ALTAIR-MAIN.

A SNOWY CONTRAIL HOVERS OVERHEAD. BELOW, CASTOFFS FROM REMOTE STAR FIELDS HUM THEIR TUNES OF UNSPENT GLORY. WHILE A NEW FIRE BURNS BETWEEN LANN MARIN'S THIGHS.



I'M AGE



IT WAS MY
GREAT GRANDFATHER,
WHO GAVE US THIS
TO HAVE



HE WAS A GOAT HERDER,
IN THE MOUNTAINS

ONE DAY HE TOOK SOME
GOATS TO SELL AT A
FAR AWAY TOWN.



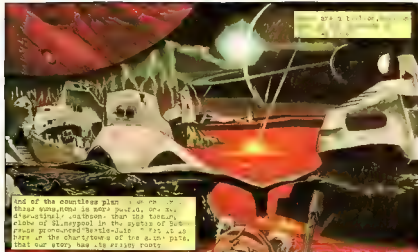
WHEN HE RETURNED
HOME, HE FOUND THAT
ALL HIS MILK HAD
CURDLED.

STARRING INTO THE CANS,
HE EXCLAIMED,

CHEESE, WELL YA
LOOK AT THAT



ROCK OPERA II: THE RISE AND FALL OF ROCKY STARZBORNE



are a bit of...

And of the countless plan... these same, none is more... disast... than the... robe of... in the... of... pronounced "Beetle-Juice" - "But at 20 here in the... of the... that our story has its... roots



But Dad - I'm sixteen
It's time for me to
work down in...
the... of the...

...

... the... of...
... the...
... tells... and becomes...
... star



What son
for Mum's
saved from
housekeep
ing

'or this pair of black
to... leather skin tight
pants and... could at
least have the decency
...

and no... for the... time...
... planet's... that... was
... and... the... rates for
... belts... such... favorites
... a... and... over

The path might have ended
there but the boys were

riding a doc of the band then
gave the Buggles and took
the rocket off planet they was op-
erated it was said in the huge
burger Gate, it was the
man alghak is what period
the people spent their time

INTERNAL

19

Burger Time

but a 1000

What a great time to be
in a burger
in a burger

What a great time to be
in a burger
in a burger

What a great time to be
in a burger
in a burger

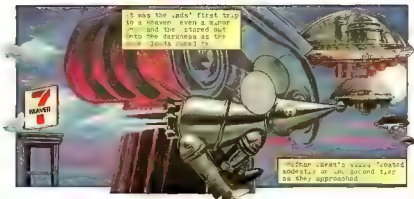
COFFEE

COFFEE

What a great time to be
in a burger
in a burger



the corporation, artist whose attempt to wrap the Cygnus Constellation in pink gelatin had been such a critical success. As the little ship rattled under through a driving rain of photons whatever they are Jim remembered them with stories of the band's adventures. While Psi dangled warning.



The could hear the sound
of Party Pop dri...
bubbling across the scene...

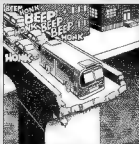
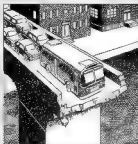
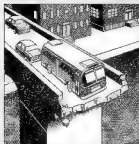
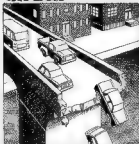
Inside the anti-funk arena, taken was
holdin' court 'n' caught up in the milling
throng... In, and Jorga found themselves
carried along to the buffet

O who are you,
huh?

and when I see you I find
myself better... I see a
four T... and of
on a Mo-d... but

who are you and a
... supposed to be
part of pop star

And there was a...



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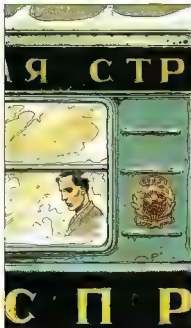
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The Hunting Party

christin-bilal









AND HE PARTICIPATED IN THE
ONERATION OF THE WINTER WAR
AGAINST A PARTICULAR ARMY
DURING IN '41.



AND HE WAS PROMOTED
WITH THE RED ARMY
FIGHT AGAINST THE
OPPRESSORS OF THE NEW
REGIME.



COMRADE ALEXANDER
FOR HAS OFTEN SPEAKEN
TO ME OF HIS WORK IN
THE COMRADES OF THAT
AGE. AND OF THE BRAVE
AND LESS REASON
DOES.





AND FOR THE MURDERED
BUT DECEASED AND SO
BURY CHANGING AND
WERE COMFORTABLE AND
FORCED TO RESUME THE
LIFE.



AND FOR THE MURDERED
THE DECEASED AND SO
BURY CHANGING AND
WERE COMFORTABLE AND
FORCED TO RESUME THE
LIFE.



FOR THE MURDERED
BUT DECEASED AND SO
BURY CHANGING AND
WERE COMFORTABLE AND
FORCED TO RESUME THE
LIFE.



FOR THE MURDERED
BUT DECEASED AND SO
BURY CHANGING AND
WERE COMFORTABLE AND
FORCED TO RESUME THE
LIFE.



IT'S A BIRD... IT'S A PLANE... IT'S TSUKERMAN!

Liquid Sky's gifted director
talks about the making of
the new cult favorite ...

Never construct a mental image of someone based solely on your perceptions of their work. For instance, after seeing *Liquid Sky* for the first time late last spring, I pictured Russian émigré director Slava Tsukerman as a mutant crossbreeding of William Burroughs at his most repulsive, Andy Warhol at his most voyeuristic, and Yu. Brynner at his most Tarzan Bullseye-on-a-Bat. But, as we all know, reality can be much more twisted than anything the human mind can dream up—as witness the "all go!" with the round, grinning face sitting across from me, definitely having a rickety-accented English as Slava Tsukerman. Best: simulation of well-adjusted good health I've seen in a while. *can't* be the same human who co-wrote and directed this mordantly hilarious, *st-La Ronde* of sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll, aliens, and interlocking pastiche relationships.

The fact of the matter is, *Liquid Sky* is one weird movie. Written by Tsukerman, associate producer Nina Kerova, and dual-head player Anne Carlsile, it focuses on a circle of lost characters' back-slumblings their way through alienated despair in the decadent with a vengeance New York new-wave club scene. Into this *Naked Lunch* soap opera drops a frabje sized alien spacecraft, its unseen occupants hungry for industrial-strength doses of the human brain's own ecstasy elixir, a chemical released during orgasm and simulated by heroin. As there's lots of both sex and smack in the penthouse where model Margaret (Carlsile) lives with her dealer girlfriend (Paula B. Sheppard), the saucer perches itself nearby and begins sucking the life out of every come-customer who falls into the black hole between Margaret's legs (including her snoring, sociopathic male counterpart, Jimmy, brilliantly played by Carlsile). Excellent cinematography by Yuri Neyman (yet another of the numerous Russian refugees at work here) gives *Liquid Sky* its hard-edged, neon-bright look, aided by Sharyn Leslie Ross's brutal editing, a sparse, captivating electronic score (co-produced by

Tsukerman and released on an LP), and the director's visually sophisticated, comic-reasoned composition. And—most astonishing—it was all done for less than half a million bucks.

My own first reaction to the film was utter confusion for the first hour or so, and hysterical laughter through the rest at what I thought was monumentally inept filmmaking. Almost everyone I knew hated it—but something about the movie stayed with me—there was just too much there to be dismissed. A second viewing brought laughter from the beginning—but this time I realized I was supposed to laugh, and also feel horrified, disgusted, saddened, and full of pity for the film's pathetically struggling characters. *Liquid Sky* has gone on to become the runaway "art house" cult movie of the year, schwing (in more ways than its success) such snow-classic seventies underground hits as *Eraserhead*, *Pink Flamingos*, and *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. In New York City alone it's been playing a full daily schedule at the same small downtown theater for eight months without a break. Obviously, something's there.

Tsukerman seems nonplussed at his film's modest success, and voices strong faith in the possibility of a wider breakthrough if it been accorded a major release. Given the film's quirkiness, I would disagree, but how can you argue with a man whose munchies-like giggling ejaculates with enthusiasm? Born in Moscow in 1939, Tsukerman attended the prestigious Moscow Film Institute, and made several award-winning documentary shorts in the late forties. After his "Night of Decision," a short meditation on free will, was banned in 1972, Tsukerman left the Soviet Union and settled in Los Angeles where he made documentaries for Israeli national television. Still finding it hard to make the sort of films he really wanted to make, he came to New York in 1976, where—in his spacious loft one story above a noisy, sleazy shopping district—he seems quite comfortable.

Lou Stathis

by Lou Stathis



Russian émigré director Steve Fassbender
Takes Bulatov's not

Photo © 1992 Neil Meyman

HM: *Liquid Sky* is an odd sort of movie for your average run-of-the-mill Russian émigré to make.

ST: Yeah. As you can guess, a lot of people say that to me. And who are especially surprised are other Russian émigrés. They absolutely cannot understand why I chose a subject like that.

HM: Why did you?

ST: Well, it wouldn't be quite right to say that I made this movie because I met certain people. I think I met certain people because my creative impulse was working at this direction. I was casting people for another movie I was making (which ended up not being made), and that script had these elements—I'm not really sure what to call them exactly. The script had a lot to do with rock 'n' roll, but it didn't really have a "new wave" way of thinking, because I didn't know much about "new wave" at that point. But Anne Carlisle, who was auditioning for a part in that movie, read it and said to me, "This is a real 'new wave' script." So, you see, I was thinking in this direction back then.

make a film about the relationship between an alien girl from outer space and an American girl. Then, I thought: should the girl be a punk, or a conservative Jewish girl from Great Neck? But I was definitely leaning in favor of a punk—involving clubs, music, dancing. The other original idea was less artistic and more technical. I knew I could do special effects much cheaper than anyone else. So it was natural for me to make a low-budget film with lots of special effects. From there it was just a natural, organic growth process. The three writers all had different backgrounds and different attitudes towards the events in the story. For Anne it was sometimes like a self-psychanalytic experience, because she used a lot of her own life—and she began to understand something about it that she hadn't before. And all of us used characterizations of people we knew, phrases we heard them speak. And it was, you know, this whole mixing process of ideas and emotions—and the mixed feelings that come out of the movie: those are our mixed feelings about these things as

club scene here—quite well.

ST: I don't think it's that localized—not New York—and not even the United States. I think it's something that's in the air: that people all over the world feel. New wave is just a more advanced, more extreme mirror of processes that are happening to people all over the world—everyone has the same feelings. That's why I was so interested in the new wave movement, because I see it as a mirror of certain important processes active in the world. So, this is not a movie only about America—some people have said that I was so oppressed or shocked by the decadence of America that I made this movie. Well, I don't think America has a monopoly on decadence. Certainly it's different than Russia, no question about that. New York is in a sense the center of the world now—but all that really means is that the processes that are happening throughout the world are more polarized, more on view, more extreme in New York. So, it's much more interesting to study these things happening all over the world in New York.

Sometime in Seattle wrote a review of the movie in terms of masks and the psychological problems of modern society. She analyzed Margaret's behavior—the way she uses clothes, make-up etc. as a manipulation of masks to hide identity or lack of identity really. That's a big part of modern mentality, and central to the root of our culture. And people in the new-wave culture take this to an extreme. They play these games much more than other people, but it doesn't mean that other people don't play the same games.

HM: Their ways of playing them are just more up front—more a part of their

It's better to deliver a message about reality in a fairy tale form, using modern fantasy symbols.

HM: Had you had any exposure to this scene at all?

ST: Well, I was in CBGB's once. That was it.

HM: What did the idea for *Liquid Sky* evolve from?

ST: I thought it would be interesting to

writers. Our shock and our laughter. We tried to summarize the experience around us and within us, summarize it in a way that was most interesting to us at the moment.

HM: It does seem to me to pinpoint a certain time in New York—around the summer of 1981, the height of the night-



"Coke is 100% sex." Liquid Sky's Jimmy (Anne Carlisle). "Otherwise I'd spend my life asleep."

Photo © 1982 Van Heyningen

exterior personalities.

ST: Yes, right.

HM: Liquid Sky seems to me a study in exploitative relationships. Everybody uses everybody else, everybody feeds off everybody else in so many different ways. And there isn't any exclusivity either: men feed off women, women feed off women, aliens feed off humans. Do you see that as reflective of modern society as a whole, or just the new wave sub-culture?

ST: Well, you can compare Liquid Sky to Brecht's *Three Penny Opera*. Brecht compared bourgeois society to the sub-culture of thieves and gangsters. I've taken a more modern approach. I think people in the new wave sub-culture are performing little Brechtian performances modeled on society as they see it. And they see in it this exploitative kind of relationship, and again, they play it to a more extreme form. So, by showing people performing all the extremes of modern civilization, it's like double theater. The movie is showing people who are really playing theater, and we are playing theater as people playing theater, and this double show, I think, tells much more about civilization than just a straight show.

HM: What about the aliens in the saucer? Why introduce this fantasy element that seems so intentionally absurd?

ST: Well, if you look at *Heavy Metal*, or listen to new wave rock 'n' roll, you'll see that alien creatures are very much a part of modern folklore. So it goes this way: if you want to tell today the story that there is no more Prince Charming, and the Princess cannot wait, it's easier to tell it in modern language that there is no more Prince Charming unless he is coming from outer

space.

HM: And (that way you can remove it from reality, where the possibilities within our reality have been exhausted as far as believing in Prince Charming goes?

ST: Yes. I can put it another way as well. Traditional American films please their audiences by reinforcing in them the American dream—telling women that they can expect a Prince Charming to come and save them. And to make it believable, the story is always told in as realistic a way as possible. Realistic language helps an audience believe in a fairy tale, right? What we did was intentionally the opposite—we're telling people that this pattern doesn't work anymore, that there is no Prince Charming. And it's better to deliver this message about reality in a fairy tale form, using modern fantasy symbols.

HM: Do you find this Prince Charming idea—that women are taught to expect true for all cultures? It's not peculiarly American?

ST: I don't think it's specific to American society—it's more general. It's just that the idea of a Princess waiting for her Prince is strongest in America—but it's true even in Russia.

HM: Let's back up a bit. You left Russia in 1973?

ST: Yes, ten years to the day before Liquid Sky first opened here in the U.S. in Los Angeles—April 15, 1973.

HM: Why did you leave?

ST: Well, that's a pretty complicated question. . . . I can't put it in any one way. There were a lot of reasons for leaving, but basically it was because I couldn't make a film like Liquid Sky there. I like films that show the contradictions and problems that

exist in society, and in order to make the audience think about these contradictions and problems. I like to show them in an exaggerated, paradoxical, and even shocking way. It's not easy to be in this position—as the eye opener for the audience. And this is true not only for Russia. Very often people blame artists for something that happens in society. Like, for example, Marcel Carné made some pessimistic films in France before the war—and during the German occupation, a lot of people blamed him for ruining the morale of the French people, and making them incapable of resisting. I think that's a very unfair attitude toward artists. The only thing artists are supposed to do is look at society, to feel what's going on, and then to show it back at society in such a way that it stresses all the processes the artist sees. Artists show people things which maybe they wouldn't notice themselves, or things that may develop into something in the future. And if he's a very good artist, and shows what he feels will happen—and it does happen, he gets blamed for it.

HM: So when you left Moscow you went to Israel?

ST: Right.

HM: . . . and you stayed for three years?

ST: Yes. I was making documentaries for Israeli television. The first one I made there was about Russians in Jerusalem—not a subject I picked or lifted. My boss there, a very wise man, said, "Make this film. It is easy for you now—you know Russian language, Russian politics." And he was right. It won first prize in the Hollywood TV-Documentary Film Festival. After that I made documentaries on different subjects: the archeology, but I



Margaret (Anne Cantalan) and Jimmy (Kimmel) more savvy than the Mormon Tabernacle Choir on nitrous

Photo © 1992 Yoni Nayman

wasn't completely satisfied. I wanted to make features and I found that I couldn't make features in Israel because I didn't know the country enough. You see, I have the strong feeling that—even if you're making a fairy tale—you have to make films about something you lived through. It should really be a personal experience. People don't realize that this thing, this Iron Curtain, really exists. People in Russia are more isolated from the West than most others—even more isolated than other communist countries. Like Czechoslovakia or Poland. And when you leave Russia, it's like beginning a new life, and many people can't do it. They try to find the same patterns in the Western world, and it's very difficult. They just don't know where to go. And Israel is a very complicated country for a newcomer to understand. On one hand, it is part of the Western world, and on the other, it's very uncharacteristic. In Israel, practically every young filmmaker has an American or British education—so they are familiar not only with their small world, but also see themselves as part of the bigger one. That is not the case for the newcomer from Russia. Besides, Israel's small size makes it impossible for a real film industry to exist there. The country just doesn't have enough of an audience to pay back the cost of a film production. So one day I found myself in New York.

HM: Wasn't it extremely disorienting for you to go from Moscow to Jerusalem, to New York?

ST: Other than the problem of making movies, I felt pretty good in Jerusalem. Speaking about New York, well, I think that every intellectual in the world now

especially the Jewish intellectual—belongs more or less to the New York mentality. It's actually a pretty easy transition. New York is closer to Moscow than Israel.

HM: It is?

ST: Yes, when I came to New York it was almost like returning to Moscow. People live the same way. I mean, where else can you go at night from party to party? People sit and talk about movies, about books—anything. Sometimes I felt much more comfortable with New York people than with some people in Israel. There it's just a whole different mentality—it's more ideological. Everyone's involved in politics. For instance, in New York an intellectual may not even know who's the President. [Laughs.] That can happen in Moscow as well. Absolutely couldn't happen in Israel. You cannot live there and not be involved in politics—because politics is a big part of your life. But some people are more comfortable thinking that movies are more important than politics.

HM: In some circles that would be a treasonous thought.

ST: Yes, but certainly not in New York. So New York life is comfortable for any intellectual and any newcomer—not only those from Russia and Israel. By the way—I think one of the best films about New York I've done by a Frenchman, Louis Malle's *My Dinner with Andre*. But even though New York was comfortable for me, it didn't mean that I was capable of making a film about this life the moment I arrived here. It took me six years to absorb enough to be able to start co-writing a script like *Liquid Sky*.

You see, all through my childhood I had these strange dreams, which I used to call

"American movies." I would see "American movies" in my mind, and I kept a strong idea of what American movies were—like my dreams. They had the brightest colors. I was pretty disappointed when I saw my first real American movie. So there is probably something in the images and feelings of *Liquid Sky* that came from my childhood dreams. But of course, these dreams are not the only "American" element in the film. In a sense, I think that *Liquid Sky* is more American than a lot of movies done by native Americans.

HM: How do you mean that?

ST: Well, starting in the fifties, rock 'n' roll became the leading art form in America. And the young audiences left movies for rock 'n' roll—but the naive people in Hollywood thought it was because of television that the audience left. But rock 'n' roll gave the young audiences what they wanted and no film ever captured the rock 'n' roll mentality. So, when I first came to America from Israel for a month or so in 1975, I talked to a lot of people in Hollywood and told them that this is the time to make science fiction. They all looked at me as if I was crazy. "Science fiction is absolutely non-commercial," they said. Now they want to do only science fiction, since *Star Wars*. The movie was the first one to have a natural, built-in rock 'n' roll and cult strip mentality. And it brought the rock 'n' roll audience back to the movies. So, my vision of the movies is pretty close to rock 'n' roll song hits. It should be as strong and as extreme and as expressionistic as that. And *Liquid Sky* isn't nearly as strong or as extreme as I'd like to get.

LINE 7050

by Howard Cruse

WHAT IS
SO RARE AS
A DAY IN
JUNE?

SOME
POET
WROTE
THAT?

I'VE NEVER
READ MUCH
POETRY MYSELF,
BUT "POETRY"
SITS AND STICKS
THAT I RECALL
HOARING MY
MOTHER
FOR JUNE, I
SUPPOSE.

SHE PUT A
SPIRITUAL NUMBER
WITH EDNA KELLEY
ON FOR BUD CRY
JUST THINKING OF
THE BLOQUEUSE!

MY FATHER
PREFERRED HOBBER
MYSTERIES! HE'D
SPRAWL ON THE HEARTH
BY A CRACKLING FIRE
AND READ FOR HOURS!
THE WORLD COULD'VE
VANISHED FOR ALL
HE KNEW!

I ENJOY
ALL THE MEMORIES,
BUT I DON'T WANT
TO BE A PRISONER
OF THEM! TODAY
'S TODAY, THAT'S
THE WAY I IS!

I DON'T
REALLY REGRET
THE TURN THINGS
TOOK! IT'S AS THOUGH
A GREAT PERSON WAS
JERED FROM ME!
FROM MY MANKIND
IN GENERAL!

WE
CERTAINLY
DON'T HAVE TO
WORRY ABOUT
NUCLEAR WAR
ANYMORE, DO
WE? HA
HA HA
HA!

OF COURSE
I MISS MY WIFE
MELANIE, BUT AS
LONG AS I KNOW
SHE'S BEING
TAKEN CARE
OF, OK?

IT'S NOT
GOLDY GIE AND
I BELIEVE SHE
LOVES AGAIN,
THOUGH?
GUCKLE!

PARDON
THE
GALLOWS
HUMOR!

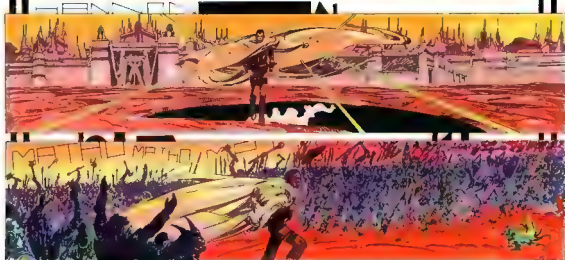
AM I
RAPHANING? IT'S
THOSE SPRING
WINDS THROUGH THE
WINDOW DISTRACTING
ME! I START SEEING
THE OLD DAYS FLYING
OUT TO FRONT OF MY
EYES! LIKE A
MOVIE

WHEN I
WAS A CHILD
THE ADDRESS
FOR A FIVE
DOLLAR HELP
DOLLAR! HOW
MUCH DO THEY
GIVE NOW?
THE REAL
ONE, I
MEAN?

AAAA!
I THOUGHT
I DID!

CRACK!

Cruse
VOY, LET
THE HEAD
BUDGET
AGAIN!
OO
YOU WERE THE
ONE WHO WAS
STAYING IN
BEFORE
DINNER



SALAMBO II



AND WILLY HAD COME TO JOIN MATHO, THE LATTER HAD DECIDED TO FORGET FOR THE TIME BEING THE PROGRESSION OF FURDIE.

I WILL FURNISH YOU WITH ELEPHANTS (MY FORESTS ARE FULL OF THEM), WINE, OIL, SARDINES, DATES, RICE AND SUGAR FOR THE SLACKS, AND TWENTY THOUSAND MATHO'S AND TWO THOUSAND ACRES. IF I ADDRESS YOU FURTHER, IT IS BECAUSE THE POSSESSION OF THIS CANON HAS MADE YOU THE FIRST IN THE PARTY ANYWAY. WE ARE OLD FRIENDS.

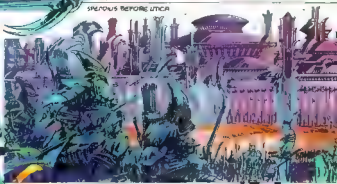
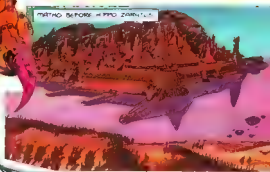
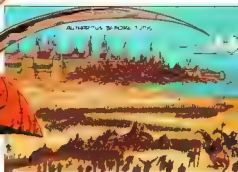
SAVING, AFTER YEARS, AND MATHO SENT MEN TO ALL THE TRIBES OF THE PURE TERRITORIES CARPHAGE WAS BLEEDING THESE PEOPLE THE LEAST DISCREPANT TAXES AND THE SWORD THE AGE OF THE CROSS PUT SHED THOSE WHO CONTAINED. IT WAS NECESSARY TO CULTIVATE THAT WHICH SAVED THE PEOPLE TO BURN IT WITH WHAT IT REQUIRED NO ONE HAD THE RIGHT TO POSSESS A WEAPON WHEN ANY VILLAGE REVOLTED TO INHABITANTS WERE SOLD INTO SLAVERY.

TUNIS HATED CARPHAGE WITH A VENGEANCE OLDER THAN THE METROPOLIS, IT DID NOT MENTION CARPHAGE ITS GRANDEUR THE DEPORTATIONS, MASSACRES, AND EPIDEMIES, DIDN'T WEAKEN TUNIS, JUST THE OPPOSITE. SUPPORTED REGULARLY, SON OF AGATHOCLES, THE TOWNFOLK BACKED HIM WITH WEAPONS.

THE MASSACRES HAPPENED SUDDENLY, THE MURDERERS OF THE HOUSES AND THE CIVIL SERVANTS OF THE GENERAL, CAME STRANDED, A THEIR BATHS, WEAPONS, WHICH HAD BEEN HIDDEN, A CAVEA WERE DRAGGED OUT SWORDS WERE FORGED FROM IRON PLOUGHS, CHILDREN GUARDED TRAVELING WOMEN GAVE THEIR NECKLACES, RINGS, EARRINGS, ANYTHING THAT WOULD SERVE IN THE DESTRUCTION OF CARPHAGE, MATHO QUICKLY PAID THE MERCENARIES THEIR BACK PAY.

LICA AND HIPPO ZARYTUS REFUSED TO BECOME PART OF THE REBELS, THEY RESPECTED CARPHAGE, THE STRONGER SISTER WHO PROTECTED THEM, AND THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE THAT A HORDE OF BARBARIANS WOULD BE CAPABLE OF CONQUERING IT, THEY WANTED TO REMAIN NEUTRAL, AND TO LIVE QUIETLY.

IT WAS DECIDED THAT SPENDIUS WOULD ATTACK LICA, MATHO WOULD ATTACK HIPPO ZARYTUS, AND THE THIRD ARMY CORPS BASED IN TUNIS WOULD OCCUPY THE PLAIN OF CARPHAGE, FOR KARIR HADRA, HE WOULD RETURN TO HIS KINGDOM AND, WITH HIS CAVALRY, BAR THE ROADS.



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THE THIRD INCAL

THE DOOR OF THE TRANSFIGURATION

THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF JOHN DIFOOL
by Jodorowsky and Moebius

AVING TEMPORARILY ESCAPED THE PLEASING MICRO-RANGER, JOHN DIFOOL AND HIS FRIENDS PREPARE THEMSELVES FOR WHAT MAY BE THE STRANGEST EXPERIENCE OF THE MANY THEY HAVE GONE THROUGH IN THEIR QUEST. THEY ARE TO BE PHYSICALLY TRANSFORMED INTO...WHAT?

THE TRANSFIGURATION HAS BEGUN. SOON IT WILL BE

THIS IS EXTRAORDINARY

WE'RE NOW FORMING AN ENERGETIC TRANS-DIMENSIONAL ENTITY

THE MOMENT OF THE CREATION OF THE VESSEL-STAR

BUT WHERE ARE WE NOW?

IN ANOTHER SPACE
ANOTHER TIME

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

TOWARD
THE ISLAND
OF THE
PYRAMIDS

THIS IS THE INTER-DIMENSIONAL ISLAND OF THE PYRAMIDS. THE UNION OF THE TWO INCAL'S WILL TAKE PLACE IN THE

SOUND. YOU'RE OUR
GUIDE. WHAT'S YOUR
PLAN?

I MUST PARK
US DIRECTLY
BETWEEN
THE POINTS
OF THE TWO
PYRAMIDS
TWO

HEART OF SOUND, THE ANDROGYNOUS MUTANT WHO WILL BE THE LIVING CONSCIOUSNESS OF THE VESSEL-STAR

THE BLACK INCAL UNDER
THE WHITE PYRAMID. THE
INCAL LIGHT ATOP THE
BLACK PYRAMID

NOTICE HOW EACH POINT
IS TRUNCATED. THE PYRA-
MIDS ARE AWAITING
THEIR RESPECTIVE
INCAL'S.

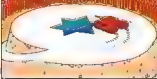
MY FRIENDS
WHAT A
DILEMMA!
WHAT IS THE
HEAVY DANCE
GONNA DO
FOR THIS
IS HIS LAST
DANCE!

IT'S THE END OF
THE LINE. I
JUST FEEL IT
THEY CAN'T GO
ANY FURTHER
THERE'S ONLY
ONE SOLUTION

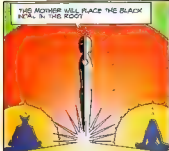
ONE SINGLE
SOLUTION

I MUST JUMP

HE MUST
JUMP



THE MOTHER WILL PLACE THE BLACK
INCA IN THE ROOT



THE FATHER
WILL SET
THE INCA
LIGHT INTO
FLIGHT

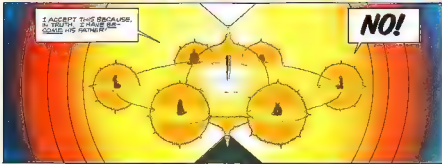


THE FATHER

META BARON, HERE IS THE
INCA. GO AHEAD IN
TRUTH, YOU ARE HIS
FATHER!

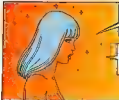


I ACCEPT THIS BECAUSE,
IN TRUTH, I HAVE BE-
COME HIS FATHER!



NO!

THE FATHER OF COLLINS
IS, IN REALITY, THE
HOST OF THE INCA
LIGHT



IT IS YOU...
JOHN DIFOOL!

ME, HIS FATHER? BUT
NOW THAT'S IT'S JUST
IMPOSSIBLE!

ANIMAH!
HOW CAN I



ANIMAN I FEEL
THE PYRAMIDS
AWAKENING

I BELIEVE IT'S
SOLARIS COM-
SCIOUSNESS BE-
GINNING ITS
INFUSION



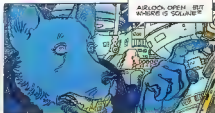
THAT'S IT THE VIBRATIONS OF THE BEAMS HAVE
CEASED IT'S OVER EVERYTHING IS OVER

THE SHIP-STAR IS ASSEM-
BLED WE HAVE SUCCEEDED

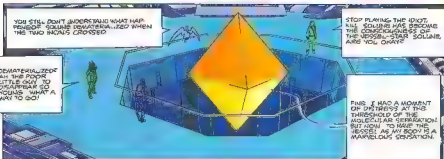
THE CREWS MUST ALREADY BE INSIDE
LET'S JOIN THEM



ANIMAH AND JOHN ARE
STILL OUTSIDE OPEN
THE AIRLOCK SO THEY
CAN JOIN US



AIRLOCK OPEN BUT
WHERE IS SOLINE?

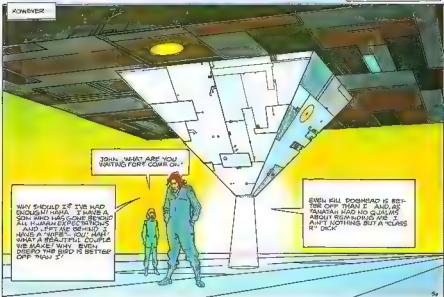


YOU STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT HAS
BEENDE SOLINE DEMATERIALIZED WHEN
THE TWO INCAIS CROSSED

STOP PLAYING THE IDIOT.
KILL SOLINE HAS BECOME
THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF
THE JESSIE-STAR SOLINE
ARE YOU OKAY?

DEMATERIALIZED
AM THE POOR
LITTLE GUY TO
DISAPPEAR SO
YOUNG. WHAT A
WAY TO GO!

FINIS I HAD A MOMENT
OF DISTRESS AT THE
THRESHOLD OF THE
MOLECULAR SEPARATION!
BUT NOW TO HAVE THE
JESSE! AS MY BODY IS A
MARVELOUS SENSATION.



JOHN "WHAT ARE YOU
WAITING FOR? COME ON."

WHY SHOULD I? I'VE HAD
ENOUGH! HAHA. I HAVE A
SON WHO HAS GONE BEYOND
ALL HUMAN EXPECTATIONS
AND LEFT ME BEHIND. I
HAVE A "WIFE". YOU? HA!
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL COUPLE
WE MAKE! WHY EVEN
DIED? THE BIRD IS BETTER
OFF THAN I!

EVEN KILL DOGMEAD IS BET-
TER OFF THAN I. AND AS
TAMATAH HAD NO QUALMS
ABOUT REMINDING ME I
AM NOTHING BUT A "CLASS
R" DICK

COME, JOHN.
YOU'VE FINISHED THE
HARDEST
PART OF THE
TRIP.

I FEEL THAT I'VE BEEN
EXPLOITED. AND IT'S NOT
A GREAT FEELING. WHY,
YOU'VE EVEN USED MY
SPEECH WITHOUT MY
KNOWLEDGE. SHIT!

AND WHERE CAN I GO NOW? EVERY-
THING'S FALLING DOWN AROUND ME!
NO MORE THREE-DAY DRINKS! NO
MORE SLEUTHING! NO MORE FIGHT-
ING. NO MORE WHORES! NO MORE
OF ANYTHING I LIKE!

I HAD ONLY ONE
ALLY. ONE ADVAN-
TAGE - THE MCA.
AND NOW IT'S BEEN
TAKEN AWAY FROM
ME.
MURFF.



CARSHH

JOHN, PLEASE
COME WITH ME.
WE'LL TALK
ABOUT ALL OF
THIS, AND I

END?

WHAT
WAS
THAT?



THIS TIME I
HAVE THEM!

DEAR TELEVISIONS. DEAR
MUFFLED JAPANESE.
HERE WE ARE AT THE BOT-
TOM OF THE END OF THE
NAVIGATION. FACED WITHOUT
THE CRIMINALS' THEXXXX
GREAT MOMENT NASTXX.
COME.

IT'S THE NECRO
ROBOT IN A NEW
FORM! YOU'RE DONE
FOR NOW!

I DON'T BE-
LIEVE THIS!
IT'S NOTHING
MORE THAN
A 3-D TV
CAMERA
WITH LEGS!

YEAH! A TV CAMERA! HEHEH. I
BELIEVE. HEHEHEH. I BELIEVE
WE SHOULD PUT ON A REAL SHOW
FOR ALL THE
VIEWERS AT HOME! HEHEHEH.

JOHN!



XXXX THE CRIMINAL XXXX
APPROACHING US XXXX

I RECOGNIZE YOU,
TOMMY DIFPOOL. YOU'RE
THE ONE WHO HUNTS
HATED ME."

DEAR KID-
ADD. XXXX
XX KEX K X

I KNOW YOU'RE
ALL OUT THERE!

ALL OF
YOU!

IN YOUR
CONCEPTS!

HEY! I AM
YOUR FINE
DON!"

LISTEN TO ME
THE SHIP IS
FINISHED!

DEARX
TELE-
ADDRESS
XXXXXXX

YOU'RE FINISHED!

FINISHED!

COME OUT OF YOUR CONCEPTS!
FACE THE WORLD! GO TO-
WARDS THE LIGHT!
THE LIGHT!

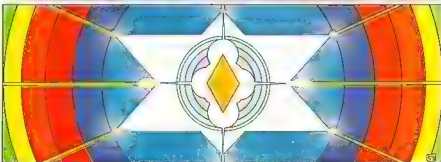
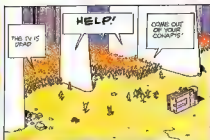
XXXXXX...

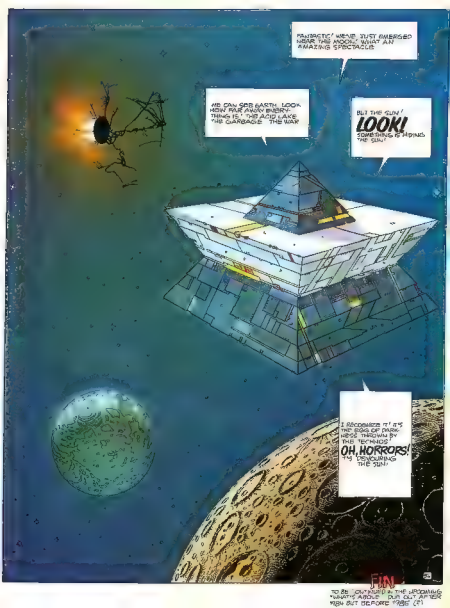
**THE
LIGHT!**

WHAT IS THIS
A COMMER-
CIAL?

HE'S
A
MAD
MAN!

THAT TIME, THEY
HARDLY GONE TOO
FAST!





PARADE! WE'VE JUST EMERGED
NEAR THE MOON! WHAT AN
AMAZING SPECTACLE!

WE CAN SEE EARTH. LOOK!
HOW FAR AWAY EVERY-
THING IS! THE ACID LAKE,
THE GARBAGE, THE WAR.

BUT THE SUN!
LOOK!
SOMETHING IS HAPPENING
TO THE SUN!

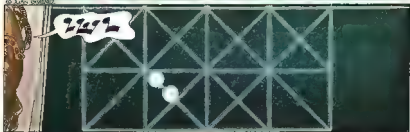
I RECOGNIZE IT! IT'S
THE EGG OF DARK-
NESS THROWN BY
THE "TECHNO-"
OH, HORRORS!
IT'S DENYING
THE SUN!

FIN

TO BE CONTINUED IN THE UPCOMING
"WHAT'S ABOVE" RUN OUT AFTER
1984 BUT BEFORE 1985 (P)

A Matter of Time

© Juan
Giménez





EDWARD,
YOU KNOW THAT WHEN
I GET NERVOUS, I

WILL SHUT UP! LET'S
GET ALONG! YOU'LL
HAVE PLENTY OF
TIME TO GO
LATER

AND
BETTER NOT
THINK IT'S NOT
A SOUL IN
SIGHT

WELL, IT'S A DARK
NIGHT. NOT EVEN A
STAR TO BE SEEN.

YOU'D BETTER MARK
THE SPOT TO SIGNAL THE
DROPPING PLACE

YEAH, HERE
IT IS

WELL, GENT!
I BROUGHT THE
BRICKEN BELT

IF YOU HADN'T COME
OUT PARTING LAST
NIGHT, IF YOU'D JUST
STAYED IN THE HARRACKS
AND PREPARED FOR
TODAY, THAT WOULDN'T
HAVE HAPPENED

YOU'RE JUST
TALKING WHEN
WAS THE LAST
TIME YOU TIPPED
A PULL ONE OR
POUNDED ONE
OF THE LOCAL
G-RETS

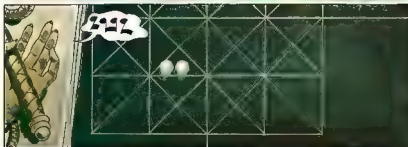


COME ON LET'S
GET MOVING



WHAT? DID YOU SEE
THAT? SOMETHING WAS
MOVING - WHAT DO YOU
THINK I SAID?

CALLIO



AAA



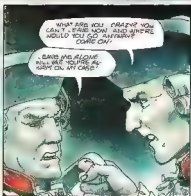
WELL, WE'RE ON
THE RIGHT COURSE
LET'S SEE IF WE
CAN SEE SOMETHING
SEEMS TO BE IN
ORDER

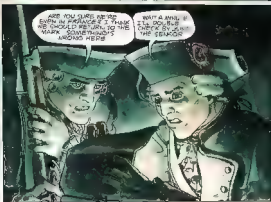


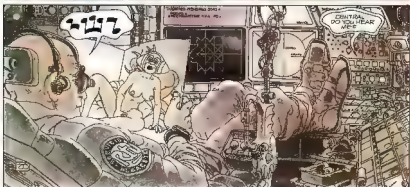
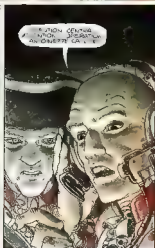
OKAY LET'S PRO-
CEED BUT BE CARE-
FUL IT'S EASY TO GET
DISORIENTED IN THIS
DARKNESS AND FOR
GOD'S SAKE DON'T
GO FALLING IN THAT
HOLE BACK THERE

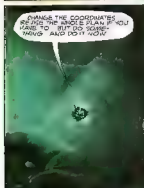


TOO MANY











PRESENTING...TWO CLUE LITTLE EXTRATERRESTRIAL CREATURES TALKING ABOUT

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS



#1/APRIL 77 SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#2/MAY '77: Russian astronauts. "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival, and more.

#3/JUNE '77: Macedo's "Rock Bitch," highly praised "Shells," beginning of Davis's "World Apart," Moebius, Corben, Bode, more.

#4/JULY '77: Lots of Moebius. "Artach," "The Long Tomorrow" conclusion of "Sungul."

#5/AUGUST '77: "Polonius" begins. "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart" and "Den" continue.

#6/SEPTEMBER '77: Roger Zelazny has a short story; and Moebius, a space opera; plus more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius."

#7/OCTOBER '77: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Air-Right Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" back again.

#8/NOVEMBER '77: New Italian Ellison fiction, 9 color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart."

#9/DECEMBER '77: Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz" by Duell. "Fortuna's Pool," by Chaykin and Wein, a full color by Corben. Macedo, Cleveland, and Moebius.

#10/JANUARY '78: Morrow illustration, Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update "Olympus," "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues.

#11/FEBRUARY '78: New adventures of "Barbarella," cover and center art by Nino, plus Moebius and Corben.

#12/MARCH '78: Gray Morrow's swashbuckling "Orion" debuts more "Barbarella," "Urm," and "Den."

#13/APRIL '78: Our 1st anniversary issue! A 30-page insert from "Paradise 9," "Barbarella" gives birth while "Den" wraps it up.

#14/MAY '78: "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Ninotchka's "Hailman."

#15/JUNE '78: Corben introduces Shehrazad. Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human" is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Hailman."

#16/JULY '78: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for 1996, a resumption of Duell's "Gail," more "Hailman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights."

#17/AUGUST '78 SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER '78 SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#19/OCTOBER '78: "Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous."

#20/NOVEMBER '78: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator," Major Grubert, "Hailman."

#21/DECEMBER '78: The stockpile full with "Orion," Kirchner's "Tart," and 12 beautiful pages of Moebius.

#22/JANUARY '79: Tring debuts and Duell concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben.

#23/FEBRUARY '79: Galactic Geographic. "Starstorm," Corben's "Sindbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus Moebius, Ellis, and Macedo.

#24/MARCH '79: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bestler's "The Stars My Destination," "Starstorm II" and Ellison's late show.

#25/APRIL '79: SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#26/MAY '79: It's di-American (a cool for Duell's "Dance") and a Proud joke! 15 entries including Corben, Morrow, and Moebius on Iraq, Mike Hinge debuts.

#27/JUNE '79 SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#28/JULY '79: Bode's "Zooks" premieres, Corben's "Sindbad" concludes, Morrow and Moebius on Iraq, Mike Hinge debuts.

#29/AUGUST '79: Caza sleazebow with "New Ark City," plus Mayrakis, Suidam, "Galactic Geographic," Bode, more.

#30/SEPTEMBER '79: Eric "Buck Rogers," a lizard named "Elva," and "Little Red V-3," along side Montclair and Moebius.

#31/OCTOBER '79: A Halloween tribute to H. P. Lovecraft with Moebius, Brecka, Duell, Suidam.

#32/NOVEMBER '79: Corben's "Rowl," Bode's "Zooks," Bunnar's "Eric," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more.

#33/DECEMBER '79: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Koloed, Suidam, Elias Tring, Moebius and Ellison plus "Gromes" and "Gants."

#34/JANUARY '80 SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#35/FEBRUARY '80: An Air Force Corbin cover adorns this issue. Corben's "The Beast of Wothor" begins. McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Maj. Howarth on a crazed acid trip.

#36/MARCH '80: Why did "The Crevasse" take Jeanette? Read the Schulien script! Plus Corben, Masters, Moebius, and Leo Marx.

#37/APRIL '80: Our 2nd anniversary issue—32 pages of "Chompakou" in living color! Great installment of Moebius's "A Night Garage," plus Caza, B-lal, Howarth, Corben, Bode, and more!

#38/MAY '80: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Aze ever find out? Will "Chompakou" reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe spike out with the Elton Manly, too?

#39/JUNE '80: Chompakou meets his late wife, "Captain Scream" saves the day, and it's the Flying Wileandas vs. Earth.

#40/JULY '80: The Alchemist Supreme! Aze learns truth about sickly Musty Bial's "Progress" begins, and Moebius returns with "Shore Leave."

#41/AUGUST '80: Duell returns with "Bamambo" while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and in earlier issue, B is continues "Progress").

#42/SEPTEMBER '80: The Alchemist Supreme! concludes while Bial's "Progress" picks up steam. Eric Colon, Paul Kirchner, Leo Durnano contribute nifty shorts, while "Rock Opera" gets stranger.

#43/OCTOBER '80 SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#44/NOVEMBER '80: Cover by Higgins, Soudam, Cleveland, Moebius, Kauria, Springett, and Bial inside.

#45/DECEMBER '80 SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#46/JANUARY '81 SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#47/FEBRUARY '81 SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#48/MARCH '81 SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#49/APRIL '81: Corben's "Bloodstar," Ginn's "Good-bye, Soldier," Harry Nash's "Stories from London," and an interview with Julio Ribera.

#50/MAY '81: Promos of Chaykin's "Cody Starback" and Bial's "The Incredible Filet." Plus Suidam's "The Full Bridge" and William S. Burroughs on immortality.

#51/JUNE '81: The 1st part of the Richard Corbin interview, Jim Starlin's adaptation of Outland premined, Howarth's "Changes" winds up, Plus, Caza, Chaykin, Copez.

#52/JULY '81 SORRY—SOLD OUT!

#53/AUGUST '81 SORRY—
SOLD OUT!

#54/SEPTEMBER '81 SORRY—
SOLD OUT!

#55/OCTOBER '81 SORRY
SOLD OUT!

#56/NOVEMBER '81 Jonathon's
"Egg of the World," Jeff Jones,
Sergeants, and Blat all have the art
of Leo and Diane Olsen beautifully

#57/DECEMBER '81 SORRY
SOLD OUT!

#58/JANUARY '82 Our "Heavy
Future" issue includes Arno, Cal-
ista, Voss, He, and Gilson, and "The
Autonomous Man," all surrounded
by Chapman and Stronheim. Segue-
les and Sieranko

#59/FEBRUARY '82 The further
adventures of John Ciolek in "The
Incant Light," Warren and Chapman's
Gideon Faust, gets going—again.
Plus Fernandez Jones, Schulen

#60/MARCH '82 2nd Special Rock
Issue featuring Dick Matlock's A
Life in the Day, a surrealistic
look at the life of John Lennon, Luis
Garcia's "Nova 2" begins, Plus
"Mercenary," Dan, "Rock Opera,"
Bill.

#61/APRIL '82 5th anniversary
issue offers a variety of material
with Clavonius, Drulit, Mod-
erns, Bile, and an essay on J.G. Bar-
nard, you'll be busy until our 6th!

#62/MAY '82 The 1st part of David
Black's "Third Source Revolution:
The Art of De Et Schwenberger
Plus: Bolander and Vanille, by Ted
White and Val, Jakey

#63/JUNE '82 Fantastic Cities
issue, with artists Voss, Caza, Sci-
bell, and R. Chambers, all surrounded
by regulars Drulit, Modbus,
Schulen, and Fernandez

#64/JULY '82 Marce e and
Lacome's strange... he's a time
Cious, and pages from Corben's
Fights into Fantasy Plus Jones,
Garcia, and Drulit

#65/AUGUST '82 Jones and
Wrightson's "Freak Show and Plus
and Menard's "The Age, Plus the
Issue of "The Incant Light" by Mo-
bus and Jodorowsky

#66/SEPTEMBER '82 Hecht's
"Music-Video Interface," Lupo's
"Banshee," and Hinge's "Object."
Plus our regulars Blat, Fernandez
Kerkelgad

#67/OCTOBER '82 You'll have
Scary Dreams after reading our
special horror section. Everything
from Eddie Poe to the weirdest
photos possible. Don't read it
unless P.S. Last part of Black's
"Third Source Revolution"

#68/NOVEMBER '82 Part 1 of
Kakuta's "Starstruck" Findlay's "The
Arcane" continues as does "Gen II"
and Drulit's "Vaguel." Plus a
peek at Wrightson's "Antonia," Lam-
pion's "Crazy Animals."

#69/DECEMBER '82 A Will Stone
Gallery: the return of Sordans
Mudwing and Mark Fisher's
"Arno Men." Plus Corben, Fernan-

dez, and Kiergaard.

#70/JANUARY '83 The strange
conclusion to Wrightson's "Freak
Show," a look at The Dark Crystal
and regulars Marce, Corben, Fer-
nandez, etc.

#71/FEBRUARY '83 The making
of the film The Entity. Kam Bolech's
"Eating Raw," and regulars Corben,
Kakuta, Crepus, etc.

#72/MARCH '83 We bid a fond
farewell to Dan and Kath, and a
warm welcome to Blat's "City that
Didn't Exist." A Gallery on Robert
Williams, plus Marce, Kakuta and
more.

#73/APRIL '83 Modbus's "The
Turbid in Fildesgar's Eye," and
Saur's "The Odyssey," along with
Kakuta, Crepus and Workmen.

#74/MAY '83 Corben's "The
Doomed," the end of Crepus's
"The Man from Harlem," and a peek
at the 3-D science fiction thriller
Spacehunter.

#75/JUNE '83 L. Berardo's
"Rancor," the end of Kakuta's
"Starstruck" for the time being, an
interview with Dan O'Bannon and a
glimpse of Ray Bradbury's "Overseer
Tales"

#76/AUGUST '83 Arno and
Jodorowsky's "The Small Earth-
worm," deus Ginebras "A Matter
of Time," appears, and Captain
Booth's is interviewed, all behind
a beautiful Greg Hildebrand cover.

#77/SEPTEMBER '83 An exclu-
sive interview with Francis Ford
Coppola Plus a Gallery look at
the art of Rowena Morrill and the
conclusions of "Zoro" and "The City
that Didn't Exist."

#78/OCTOBER '83 Timothy
Leary, Erik, Blat, Page Moreno!
Walter Hill, Rocky and Bunkier! It's
a great issue!

#79/NOVEMBER '83 A spirited
look with Will Eisner, along with a
Spit story. Plus Crepus's
"Valentine the Pirate," Enyo

#80/DECEMBER '83 Rancorbox
bites out. Valentine comes on
strong. Artful Liberator is inter-
viewed. Lots more!

#81/JANUARY '84 Part one of
David Black's vampire memoirs. Plus
"Rancorbox" in New York, and a peek
at Arthur Clarke's "The Sentinel"

#82/FEBRUARY '84 Douglas
Trumbull is interviewed. John D'Poo
returns. And David Black's "My
Vampire" comes to an end

#83/MARCH '84 Douglas Adams
is interviewed. Angus McKee and
Charles Burns return. Rancorbox
ends his New York adventure.

#84/APRIL '84 A long talk with
Roger Corman. Plus Joe Kubert in
"Dossier" and Bone Valley on the
cover.

#85/MAY '84 The Railways be-
gins. "Rancorbox" ends, and "The
Third Incantation" continues. Plus two
June 2050's for the price of one

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Dear Sirs:

I am a reader/collector of your magazine, and have been since April 1977. I have every issue in plastic bags in a box within easy reach of my bed. *(I'm not going to ask why they're in plastic bags!—I've been wondering when or if I should stop buying it anymore, though, because the only things in it I really look forward to are Lou Stathus's music column and Drew Friedman's art. The best story you ever ran was "Polonius" and that was six years ago. And if that isn't bad enough, since in the past six months you've given us MTV propaganda! Come on! MTV has fucked up rock music the same way Hanna Barbera fucked up Saturday morning cartoons! I can't help but think of the Bugs-loos every time I see a Culture Club video! And the crap they call heavy metal rock 'n' roll isn't nothing but a bunch of tenth-rate Hendrix imitations! How come we don't see Bauhaus, Cabaret Voltaire, New Order, or Throbbing Gristle videos on MTV? Gimmie the Gramps instead of this fucking Journey shit I always hear on the radio—* if I got a hold of their singer, I'd give him something to wall and mean about!

Nan Dogfucker
Fort Worth, TX

Well, Mr. Dogfucker—*mind if I call you Nan for short?*—I suspect that if MTV played any Throbbing Gristle videos, they'd lose most of their viewers (like to suicide. And I don't think MTV is to blame for bad music, clumsy with rotten taste are. MTV represents the mainstream, which always sucks (with a few subversive exceptions). And if you think what we've said about MTV constitutes free advertising, I suggest you read the words again.—le

Dear Heavens:

Your February 1984 issue was impressive—damn near perfect! John Findley is the best. His hatchwork shadows, his anatomical highlighting, his mood, his settings, his wit and storytelling ability, his machine twists, his depth of observation and execution. He's the best. The Moebus and Jodorowsky was cryptically cartoonish in both script and execution. I think I liked Moebus better when he was more complacent in his renderings, but it's always good to see him. And Chris Browne ("June 2000") in *HM*? And a good, old-fashioned gag? I love it! As to "Rumors": his satiric realism, perversion, violence, incredible rendering. I feel



CHAIN MAIL

like I should be offended, but it's somehow fascinating (was that a car crash I just heard?). Well, congratulations on a damn near perfect issue. What would a perfect issue be? Hell, if I knew that I'd be putting out my own magazine! Keep it up!

Mike Tushay
Dearborn, MI

Dear *HM*:

I totally disagree with K. Mader's letter in the February Chain Mail. One does not have to excel in the quality of another's work in order to be qualified to criticize it. If that were the accepted way of thinking a lot of people would be out of work. Besides, Kierkegaard is rubbish.

Bruce Start
Pittsburg, MA

Dear *HM*:

Just wanted to tell you how much I enjoy *HM*. Mind you, I'm not wild about all of it but I figure what I don't go for somebody else does, right? Anyhow I love "Tex Arcana." Crazy about it. The artwork blows my mind, and the imagination and humor—well, I've been saving each episode and putting it in a binder. Please tell John Findley he has a rabid fan in Van Wert, Ohio. This will no doubt impress him mightily. You bet. The poor guy is speechless. *le*

Kay Staterbeck
Van Wert, OH

Dear *HM*:

Believe it or not I actually got a kick out of reading Chain Mail. I mean, where else can you sample the sick and distorted minds of Heavy Metal readers? (Try the mails of our station men's rooms.—le) I was especially interested in the manic ravings of Mr. Anony-mous from Mexico in the February 1984 issue. You remember the guy who suggested that you all be thrown in jail (not such a bad idea, now that I think about it). Anyway, I thought he was very astute in pointing out *HM*'s connection with the ideas of futurism. Indeed, *HM* does seem to be obsessed with the glorification of speed (both kinds), machines, technology and war (You forget Hitler.—le), the manic passions of the long-dead futurist movement. Could it be that *HM* is the new wave rebirth of futurism? Could Lou Stathus be the Marinetti of the 1980's? Humer? *HM*!

Yang Lee
Scarsdale, NY

To all at *HM*:

I'd be brief—after six and a half years of watching *HM* evolve, I have had quite enough of the critics who frequent Chain Mail. Especially those who wouldn't know an airbrush from a tray of fingerprints! Hermann Nitsch from Hunter Thompson! (Or Marinetti from Mario Andreotti!—le) Most of these guys sound as if they were raised in a vacuum: maybe still rolling joints in the parking lot during sixth period Economics—because surely they would have learned that basic concept of free enterprise. "MONEY TALKS, BULLSHIT WALKS." Thank you for the only bright spot on the monthly literary market

Daniel Sinclair
Charleston, WV

ADVENTURES IN READING WITH LOU



El BORBAH

Living
IN THE
ICE-AGE

STORY SO FAR: EL BORBAH
DISCOVERS THAT SAM SKANK,
WHO WAS BELIEVED TO BE
DEAD AND FROZEN IN A
CRYONICS LAB, IS INDEED
ALIVE WITH HIS HEAD
ATTACHED TO A TINY NEW
BODY. ARRIVING AT JANET
SKANK'S HOUSE TO TELL HER
THE NEWS, EL BORBAH FINDS
A HEADLESS CLIENT AND HER
WHISPERING BOYFRIEND.

CHRIST A-MIGHTY!
I THOUGHT I HAD THIS CASE
SEWN UP. THAT HEADLESS
GIRLFRIEND OF YOURS DOESN'T
LOOK LIKE SHE'S IN ANY CONDITION
TO PAY MY FEE...



NOW BEFORE I SPLIT,
I WANT YOU TO LISTEN UP, YOU
POINTY HEADED GEEK! I DON'T
LIKE GETTING STIFFED SO I'M
ON THIS CASE UNTIL
I GET PAID!



IF YOU SEE, HEAR,
OR REMEMBER ANYTHING
ABOUT JANET SKANK OR
THE GUYS WHO CHILLED HER,
YOU COME TO ME!



THE NAME IS
EL BORBAH... IF I FIND
YOU'RE HOLDING OUT ON
ME, I'LL FEED YOU
YOUR FACE!







CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT IT WOULD
FEEL LIKE TO BE BROUGHT BACK TO
LIFE AND FIND YOURSELF WITH THE
BODY OF A CHILD?

ONCE I REALIZED I WAS REALLY ALIVE WITH A
HEALTHY NEW BODY, I WAS DELIRIOUS WITH JOY

THE SHOWBOY CRYONICS INSTITUTE WANTED TO
KEEP THEIR DISCOVERY A SECRET! BUT I HAD
NO INTENTION OF BEING HELD A PRISONER



AFTER OUR ESCAPE FROM SNOWBOY CRONICS I REALIZED WHAT A UNIQUE SITUATION I WAS IN. REBORN AFTER WELL OVER A YEAR OF FROZEN DEATH, WITH THE OPPORTUNITY TO FIND OUT HOW LIFE HAD GONE ON WITHOUT ME.



I WANTED TO SEE HOW MY LOVELY WIFE JANET WAS LIVING WITH THE SORROW OF MY DEATH.



I WATCHED IN HORROR AS THE WOMAN I LOVED SHAMELESSLY THREW HERSELF AT MEN OF EVERY DESCRIPTION...



MY ILLUSIONS WERE SHATTERED! IF JANET WASN'T FAITHFUL TO MY MEMORY, SHE WAS GOING TO PAY THE PRICE!

WITH THE HELP OF A FEN OF MY FRIENDS, WE SUBDUED JANET AND PREPARED HER FOR DECAPITATION.



GOOD LORD-
S SAM

GOOD EVENING,
JANET!



LET'S GET
HER OVER TO
THAT COUCH

JESUS...
SHE WEIGHS
A TON!



WHILE I WAS ATTENDING TO MY WIFE I HAD SEVERAL MEN TALKING P. YORK.

LATER THAT EVENING IT WAS SIMPLE ENOUGH TO, UH, PERSUADE HIM TO COME WITH ME.



SHEESH! LOOK
AT THE GORILLA
WALKING WITH
HER!



KEEP
MOVING OR
YOU'RE DEAD!

SO WHAT HAPPENED TO P.J. YORK?

OH, HE'S SAFELY FROZEN UNTIL I NEED HIM AGAIN. HE AND HIS STAFF AT SNOWBOY CRONICS WERE UNAVAILABLE TO ME. COME LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING.



IF YOU'VE BEEN
KEEPING UP WITH THE NEWS
YOU KNOW THE WHOLE CRYONICS
INDUSTRY IS COLLAPSING
BECAUSE OF FRAUD AND
MISMANAGEMENT



SO I CREATED MY
OWN SELF-SUFFICIENT
LAB SAFELY TUCKED AWAY
UNDER THE DOLL HOUSE -



THE FIRST SUBJECT
WE BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE
WAS MY WIFE JANET...BUT
INSTEAD OF GIVING HER THE
BODY OF A ONE YEAR OLD...



..I THOUGHT SHE
RESERVED THE BODY OF
AN EIGHTY YEAR OLD!
HA HA HA!



POOR JANET
IS GOING TO BE
HARDPRESSED TO FIND
A MAN WHO WILL EVEN
LOOK AT HER NOW!



FLOYD!
ON MY GOD,
PLEASE, DON'T
LOOK! I'M
HIDEOUS!

DON'T SAY THAT
JANET...YOU LOOK FINE.
IN FACT, THERE'S SOME-
THING ABOUT MATURE
WOMEN I'VE ALWAYS
FOUND APPEALING...



WHAT?
WHO IS
THIS MAN?

HEY, COOL IT
HE'S JUST ONE OF
THE BOYFRIENDS
YOU JUST HAVE
MISSED



I'LL KILL HIM!
I'LL CUT OFF
HIS HEAD AND
SEW IT ONTO A
MONKEY BODY!
I'LL

YOU'LL DO NOTHING...
EXCEPT SHOW ME
WHERE YOU KEEP THE
CASH AROUND
THIS HOLE...



AFTER THAT...WHO
KNOWS? MAYBE I'LL HAVE
TO SPANK YOU...OR GIVE
YOU SOME FREE
FLYING LESSONS.



THE HEAVY METAL BOOKSHELF



ULYSSES

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Introduction by Federico Fellini. The career of Europe's premiere illustrator's examined, everything from "The Black Neal" to movie posters to his summer vacation to soft porn. The compendium of his work to date.

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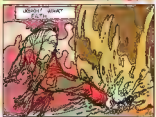
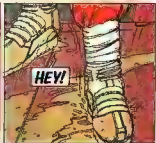
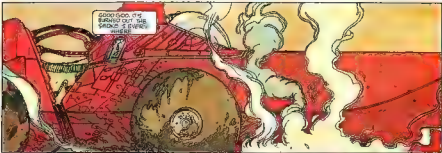
THE RAILWAYS

BY FRANÇOIS SCHERTEN AND CLAUDE REHARD



A DRAINAGE BREAKDOWN, FOLLOWED BY THE MANIPULATION OF GARY'S MACHINE, ADDED UP TO VERY UNFORTUNATE CIRCUMSTANCES. HIS CAR-HIS INCREDIBLE MACHINE-HAD FAILED HIM. HE WAS CONCERNED ABOUT KELLY AND THEIR KIDS. IF HE DIED IN THE WILDERNESS, WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO THEM? HE DECIDED HE WOULD TRY TO FIGURE OUT WHY THE CAR HAD STOPPED. THEN, MAYBE, JUST MAYBE, HE COULD REPROGRAM IT AND MANAGE TO GET HOME.

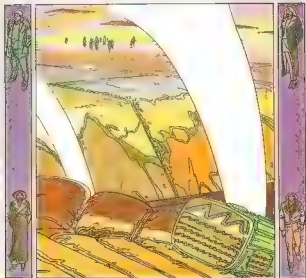


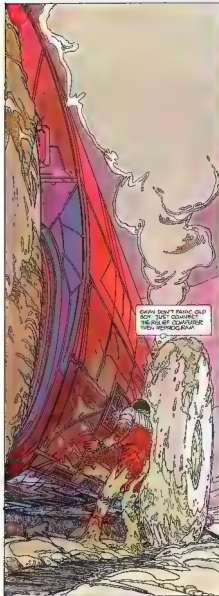




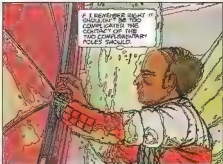
THE BREAKDOWN

WILLIAM DAVIS KNEW NOTHING ABOUT THE PARTICULAR ZONE HE WAS IN. HE HAD NEVER SEEN SUCH DESOLATION. IT WAS A UNIVERSE OF MUD, A NO-MAN'S-LAND, A GORRAPHUS AND LIFELESS, WHERE NOTHING DISTURBED THE HORIZON. THE AIR WAS OILY FROM HIS BURNING, MIXED WITH THE MUSTY SMELL OF HAZY AIR AND STAGNANT WATER, AND MADE DAVIS FEEL ALMOST SICK. HE FOUND IT DIFFICULT TO CONCENTRATE.





OWEN DON'T PANIC OLD
BOY JUST COMBINE
THE RELIEF COMPUTER
WITH MEMOGRAM



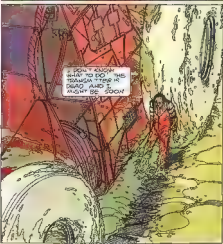
IF I REMEMBER RIGHT IT
SHOULD ONLY BE TOO
COMPLICATED THE
CONTACT OF THE
TWO COMPLEMENTARY
POLES SHOULD.



OH
I SEE



NOTHING THEY
CAN'T GET ONE
ANOTHER I ONLY
OPERATE THE
RELIEF COM-
PUTER AT 80%

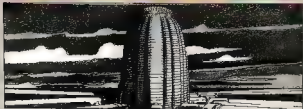


I DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO DO THE
TRAILER THIS IS
DEAD AND I
MIGHT BE SOON



THE BREAKDOWN

WHY HADN'T THE TESTS ON THE CAR PROCEEDED, SUCH A PREDICAMENT? WILL JAM DAVIS FRIDGE BUT, IN SPITE OF EVERYTHING, KEPT ALL HOPE, EVEN IF HE COULDN'T START HIS CAR. THERE WAS REALLY NOTHING TO GET WORRIED ABOUT. THE CITY WOULD SEND A TEAM OF TECHNICIANS TO THE SPOT. THE TECHNICIANS WOULD HELP DAVIS WITH HIS PROBLEM. AND THAT HELP WOULD CERTAINLY NOT BE LONG IN COMING.





!?

WH WHO ARE
ARE THESE
PEOPLE



WAIT IT'S THE
TECHNICIANS! HOW'D
THEY KNOW WHERE
TO FIND ME?



WHAT? WHAT
LUCK THAT
YOU FOUND
ME. I'M
ALREADY
DING. I HAD
A BREAKDOWN



I'M SURE IT WASN'T THE AIR
INTAKE PIPE. I CHECKED IT
STILL. I'LL LET YOU BE THE
JUDGE OF THAT. HOWEVER,
YOU'RE THE EXPERTS! UN,
I'M SURE YOU CAN FIX
THIS HEAP IN A MINUTE



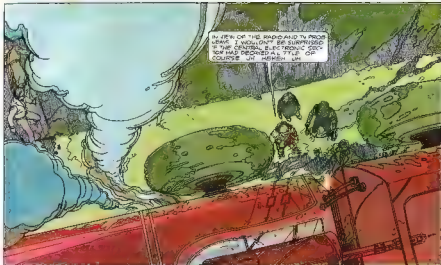
OH, IT'S NOTHING SERIOUS! HA
HA. I'M JUST FINE. WHEN
IT WASN'T MY STRAIGHT
THOUGH AT FIRST THERE
WAS TV INTERFERENCE. THEN
THE RADIO DIED. THEN THE
CAR BEGAN TO SLOW DOWN
AND YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENED



THE BREAKDOWN

ALTHOUGH WILLIAM DAVIS WAS EXTREMELY GLAD TO SEE THE TECHNICIANS, HE WAS ALSO A BIT CONFUSED. ABOUT HOW THEY HAD FOUND HIM SO QUICKLY. AND ABOUT THEIR STRANGE CLOTHING. THEY CERTAINLY WEREN'T THE TYPE OF OUTRITS THAT THE TECHNICIANS WORE BACK IN ALCHEMUS CITY. INDEED, IN LOOKING AROUND AT THE QUIET, SERIOUS PEOPLE, DAVIS GOT THE FEELING THAT THEY BELONGED IN ANOTHER ERA.

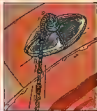
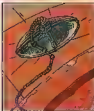




IN VIEW OF THE RADIO AND TV PROB-
LEMS I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED
IF THE CENTRAL ELECTRONIC SEC-
TOR HAD DECIDED ALL TITLES OF
COURSE. UH, HERE, UH.



AS YOU CAN SEE, I
DON'T KNOW MUCH
ABOUT MECHANICS. I
AM, I'M IN THE AD-
MINISTRATIVE ASPECT
OF THINGS. WE'LL
LEAVE THIS TO YOU.



I WANT TO THANK
YOU FOR YOUR
HELP AND I PROM-
ISE THAT AS SOON
AS I RETURN TO
THE CITY, I—

HUNG

TO BE CONTINUED



HELLO EVERYONE! WELCOME BACK AGAIN TO THE GRISLY GHOUL-HAUNTED GLOOMY DAYS OF THE OLD WEST. THE WEST VOL. WESTERN IN SCANDALOUS JOURNALS OF FEAR. WE ARE BACK! IT IS SETTING ON TOWARD A NIGHT IN THE DARK OF HANGMAN'S CORNERS AND THE SWEET SILENT CITY WHICH BELONGS TO THE NOTION THAT HIS SEARCH PARTY IS DESTINED TO BE A PITY AND SMALL ONE, BUT, BY ONE, LET'S GO TO ALONG AND SEE IF WE CAN GAIN SOME INSIGHT INTO THE HAIR AND MANGERS OF THIS BYGONE WORLD.

TEX ARCANA



JED: ROCK-SOLID, DEPENDABLE, FEARLESS AS ONLY A MAN TOTALLY DEVOID OF IMAGINATION CAN BE; AND UNIQUE, IN THAT HE WAS ONCE, BRIEFLY, A LIAR.





TED A MAN WHO HAS SEEN THINGS FEW OTHERS HAVE AND UNDERSTOOD NONE OF IT



GID A NEWCOMER FROM PHILADELPHIA WHO RECENTLY ACQUIRED THE LOCAL NEWS PAPER AND WHO NOW SEES HIMSELF FORCED, TREMBLING, ON THE BRINK OF "FAME AND FORTUNE."



ROBERT THE CHICKEN FARMER WHO LIVES EVERY DAY OF HIS LIFE WITH A MIRACLE

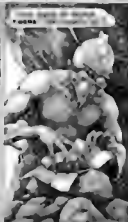


L'PORQUE THE UNLIKELY CUSTODIAN OF AN ODD, AND SOMEWHAT TERRIFYING, SECRET



JONGUIN HE CANNOT REMEMBER THE FIRST PISO HE STOLE (WHO COULD?), THE FIRST MAN HE KILLED, OR THE REASON HE VOLUNTEERED FOR THE SEARCH PARTY

MEANWHILE, IN A CAVE IN THE MOUNTAINS, SOMEWHERE TO THE WEST...



SO, THEN, WEST IS THAT WAY.
THAT'S THE DIRECTION WE NEED TO GO IN

YEAH, RIGHT. THE DIRECTION
WITH THE MOUNTAIN IN FRONT OF IT
TIGERS!

THERE'RE MOUNTAINS
ALL AROUND US

THIS WAY LOOKS
SHORTER

A ROAD!

A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER.

I GOT THIS
INCREDIBLE SENSE
OF DÉJÀ VU

I KNOW WHAT
YA MEAN

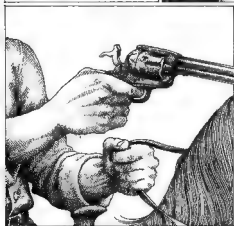
I THINK I LIKED IT BETTER
IN THE MOUNTAINS.
AT LEAST THERE WAS
A BREEZE

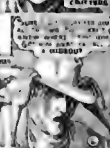
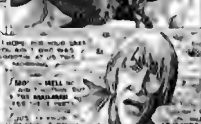
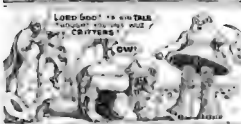
I MISS HAVIN'
TH' MENBOY'S HORSE

HOLD IT!
I THINK I HEAR A...

I THINK
YOU'RE RIGHT!

I GOTTA GO
CLOTTLE
CLOTTLE







NOW UN!
I DON'T WANT
APPEAR STUPID
OR ANYTHING
BUT



IF YA DON'T KNOW
WHERE HE LIVES
HOW DO YA DELIVER
HIS MAIL?



WELL, I JUST
GIVE IT T' YA
OL' IN-JUN BROTHERS
AN' THEY TAKE IT
T'EM.



A'RI-GHT!! Th' O.I.B.!!
NOW WE'RE GETTIN' SOMEWHERE!
SO, OKAY...LIKE, WHO ARE THEY
AND WHERE DO WE FIND 'EM?



Y SEE THAT THERE ROCK ALL BY ITSELF
OVER YONDER?
WELL THEY GOT 'EM A 'DOBE HUT
RIGHT THERE

YA CAN'T MISS IT, NUT

ONLY WHAT?



ONLY YA MIGHT NOT
BE ABLE T' FIND OUT
ANYTHIN' FROM 'EM...
LESS N' TER'JUS
PLAIN LUCKY.

MEANNIN' WHAT?

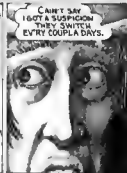


SEE, ONE OF 'EM
DON'T DO NUTHIN'
BUT LIE.
AN' ONE OF 'EM DON'T
DO NUTHIN' BUT TELL
THE TRUTH



WAMP! THAT'S WEIRD,
I MUST SAY!

WHICH
DOES
WHICH?



CAN'T SAY
I GOT A SUSPICION
THEY SWITCH
EV'RY COUPLA DAYS.

BACK IN HANDMAN'S CORNERS, THINGS HAVE CALMED DOWN
SOMEWHAT, AT THE WIDOW BURTON'S BOARDING HOUSE
BUT NOT FOR LONG.

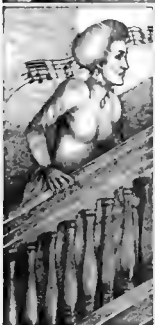


PEARS LIKE
NOTHING... DO
BUT ONE OF 'EM
BLANKETS FROM
HER OWN PEOPLE

LL SEND
JACK



MR. JACKIE ME
A MOMENT,
PLEASE



MR. PAGANO
MR. PAGANO!!



TO BE CONTINUED

Butterfly

by Herikberto









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Andrew B. needed some magic in his life. Something unexpected, even supernatural. He walked the streets until he wore holes in his socks. He hit the music clubs. He went to the movies. He read books. He played video games. But he needed something more.

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As you can see, Andrew B.'s life has changed for the better. Would anyone believe him if they knew what happened? Why don't you bring **Heavy Metal** home with you? Who knows? Something magical and exciting and interesting and beautiful could happen to you!

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Our goddess is drawn from the lush films of *Altered*, by Frank Thomas, published by Blue Dolphin. Other: Lobsenz, *Merrow*, *Ghosts of Altered* © 1994 Frank Thomas

